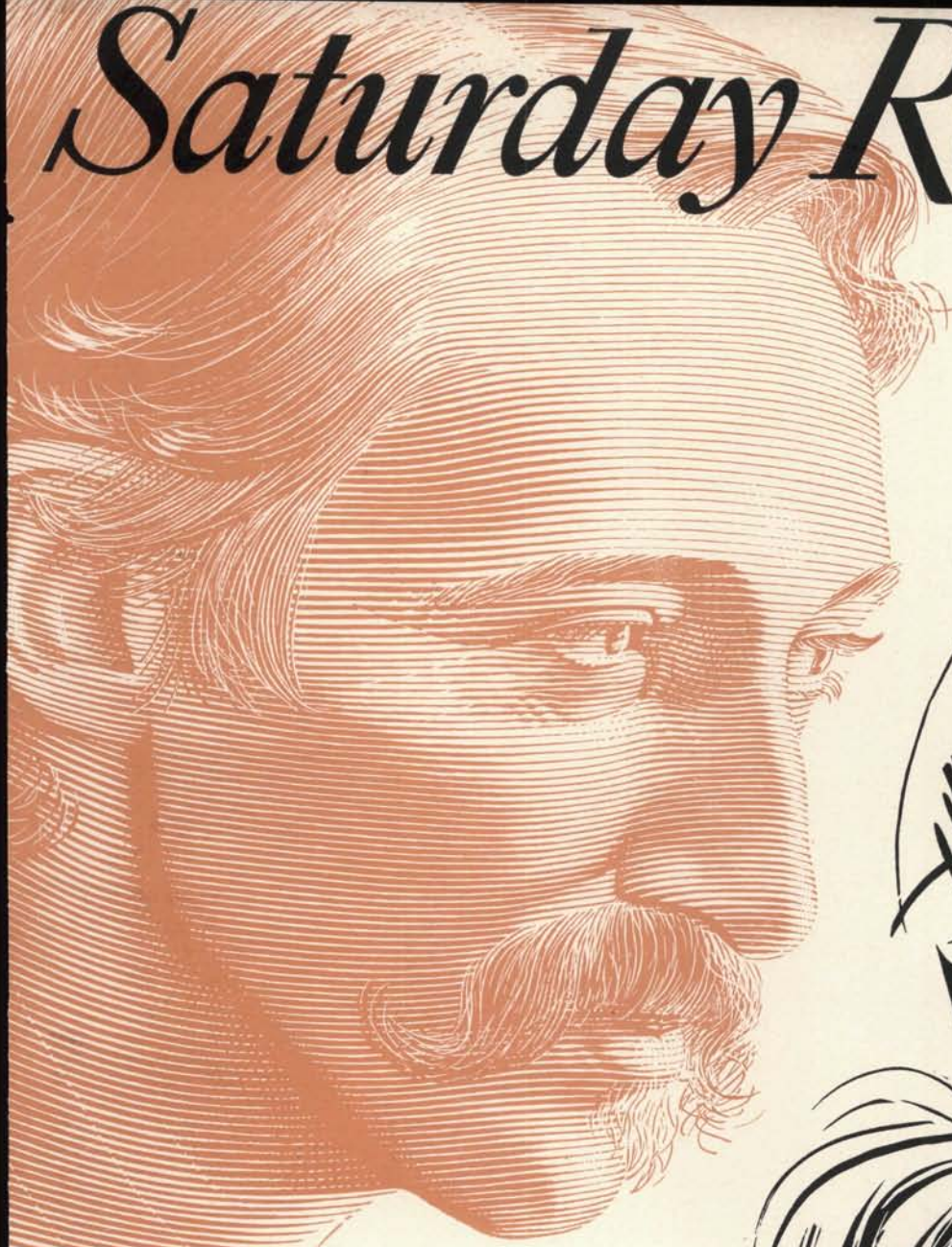
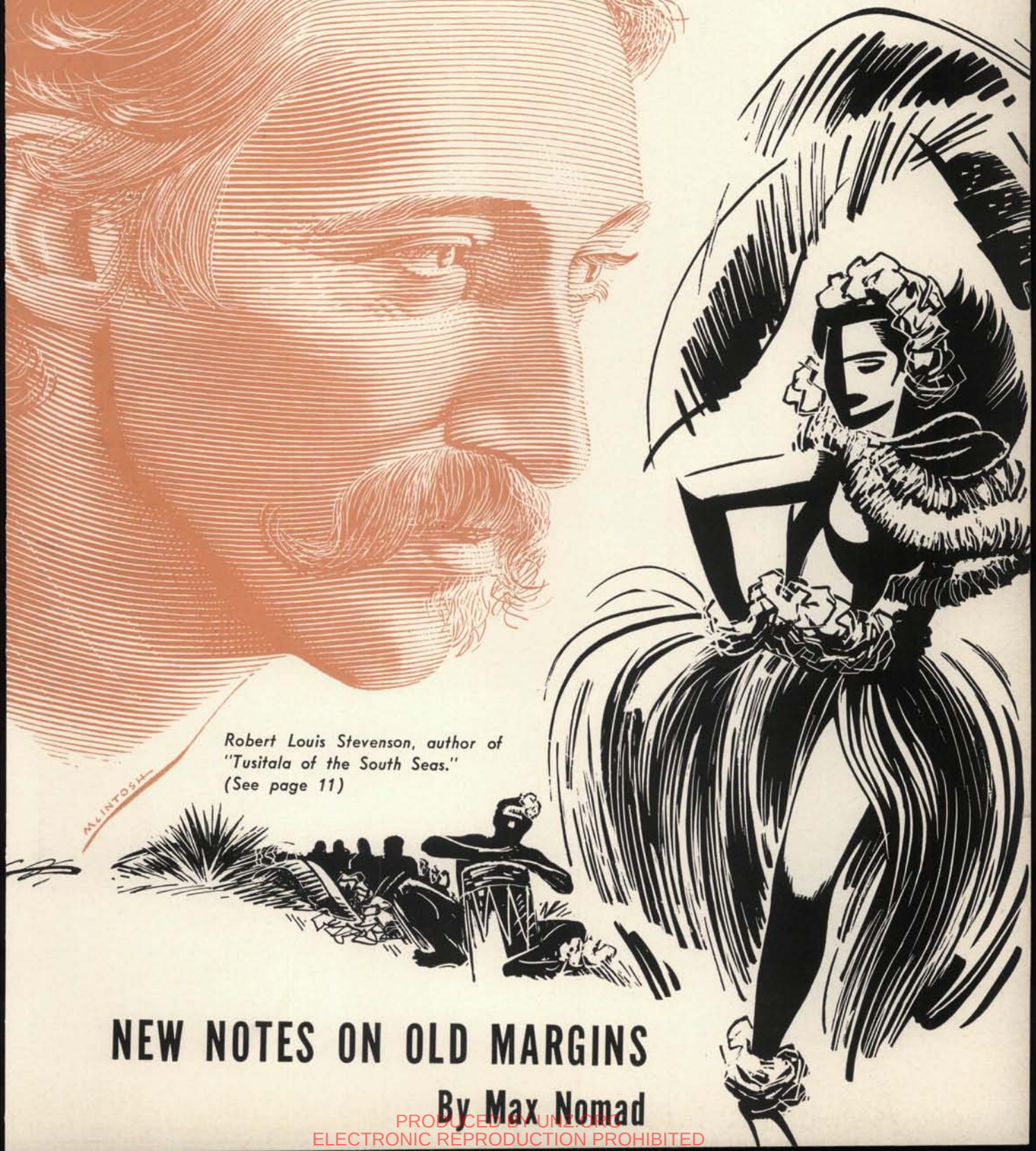
Saturday Review

AUGUST 8, 1953 / 20¢



Robert Louis Stevenson, author of "Tusitala of the South Seas."
(See page 11)



NEW NOTES ON OLD MARGINS

By Max Nomad

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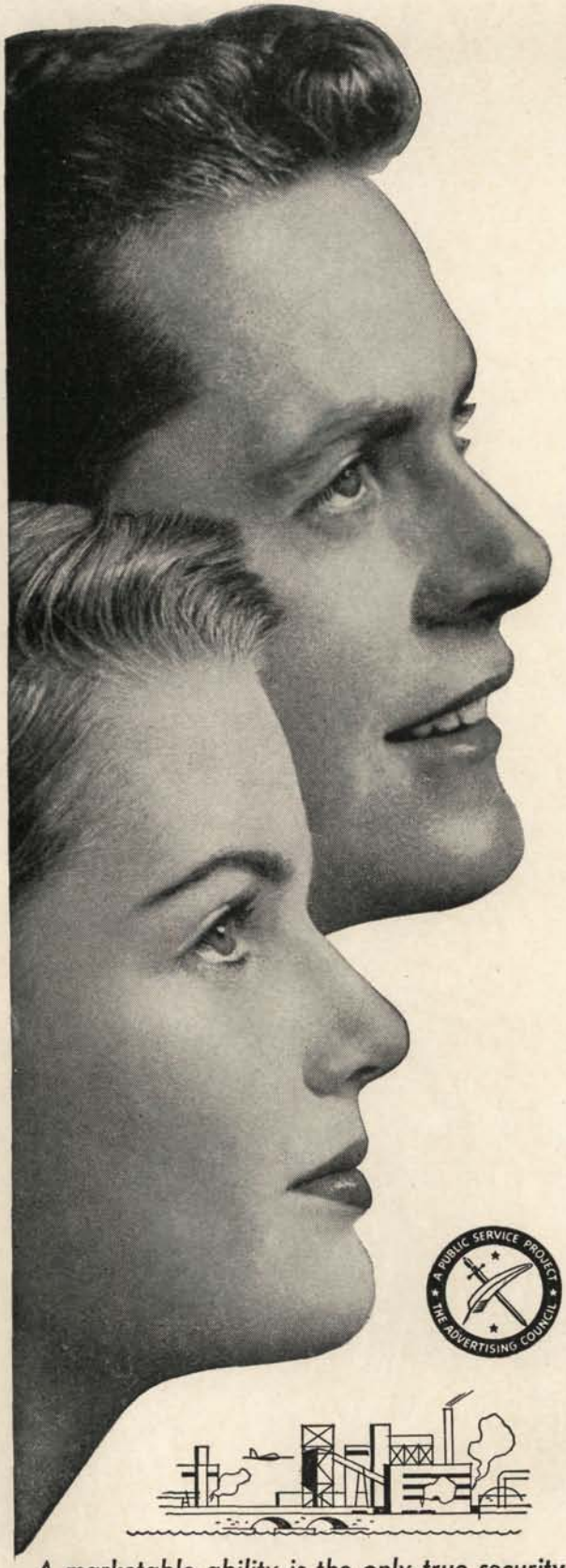

A marketable ability is the only true security

To Parents of High School Students in Search of a Career . . .

This may be the most important message of your children's lives

You spend many hours planning your children's future, looking for ways to save them heartaches in the days ahead and give them some good measure of security.

You should know that

> Today there is a rich, new kind of opportunity for young America!

The opportunity lies in engineering and science, where there is a tremendous need for trained young people. It is open to any young man or woman who is willing to work hard and to study high school courses like mathematics and the physical sciences in preparation for college engineering.

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Interesting, useful work. There are hundreds of different engineering positions open, from bridge design to nuclear research, from product planning to salesmanship.

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It offers a good measure of security. The need for trained men and women engineers will continue for years to come.

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SR's Library Poll

NINE of the twenty top books this week are novels. Of this nine, five are historical novels, a demonstration of the staying power of one of the oldest and strongest forms of fiction.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Désirée**
   By Annemarie Selinko (F)
2. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   By Norman Vincent Peale (N-F)
3. **The Caine Mutiny**
   By Herman Wouk (F)
4. **Annapurna**
   By Maurice Herzog (N-F)
5. **Kiss Me Again, Stranger**
   By Daphne du Maurier (F)
6. **The Rommel Papers**
   Edited by B. H. Liddell-Hart (N-F)
7. **The Silver Chalice**
   By Thomas Costain (F)
8. **The Second Sex**
   By Simone de Beauvoir (N-F)
9. **The Silent World**
   By J.-Y. Cousteau (N-F)
10. **Moulin Rouge**
    By Pierre la Mure (F)
11. **The Echoing Grove**
    By Rosamond Lehmann (F)
12. **A Poor Man's Guide to Europe**
    By David Dodge (N-F)
13. **Battle Cry**
    By Leon M. Uris (F)
14. **A Man Called Peter**
    By Catherine Marshall (N-F)
15. **The Emperor's Lady**
    By F. W. Kenyon (F)
16. **North of Malaya**
    By William O. Douglas (N-F)
17. **The Dark Angel**
    By Mika Waltari (F)
18. **Steamboat Gothic**
    By Frances Parkinson Keyes (F)
19. **People, Places and Books**
    By Gilbert Highet (N-F)
20. **The Sea Around Us**
    By Rachel Carson (N-F)

Cooperating in the poll from selected cities were these public libraries:

Atlanta (Ga.) Public Library
Birmingham (Ala.) Public Library
Boston (Mass.) Public Library
Chicago (Ill.) Public Library
Cleveland (Ohio) Public Library
Dallas (Tex.) Public Library
Los Angeles (Calif.) Public Library
Louisville (Ky.) Free Public Library
Milwaukee (Wis.) Public Library
Minneapolis (Minn.) Public Library
New York (N.Y.) Public Library
Omaha (Neb.) Public Library
Philadelphia (Pa.) Free Public Library
Pittsburgh (Pa.) Carnegie Library
St. Louis (Mo.) Public Library

A Call to Remember

"MY EARS ARE BURNING, WHITEY!"

"THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT US AGAIN, BLACKIE. FOLKS ALWAYS REMEMBER TO CALL FOR BLACK & WHITE SCOTCH WHISKY. THEY KNOW ITS QUALITY AND CHARACTER NEVER CHANGE!"

"BLACK & WHITE"

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A short time after this column was inaugurated, I talked with a man who writes a series of men's clothing advertisements renowned for their readability.

¶ I have always admired their conversational tone but I was considerably disturbed when the man pointed out that the method we both use, the discursive, indirect approach is known in advertising as the "soft sell."

¶ I don't know why the phrase bothers me. Perhaps it is because it's so disturbingly alliterative, as in "soft soap," for example.

¶ I had wanted to tell you about Doubleday's reissue of "Porgy," the novel which DuBose Heyward wrote and later, with George Gershwin, turned into the classic folk opera, "Porgy and Bess."

¶ I wanted to remind you of the book's critical reputation and of its fine writing but perhaps it would be more in keeping with the "soft sell" just to say that "Porgy" is available again.

¶ What I suppose I really mean is that it's a good book.

¶ The price is $3.00, although (as a "soft seller") I almost hate to mention it. Still, if you happen to be near a book shop, or if you have nothing to do while waiting for a train, look into it.

¶ You don't have to buy it, actually, just ask about it. And only if you're in the neighborhood.

¶ The important thing is: it's available again.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Porgy," with a foreword by Dorothy Heyward, the author's wife, is published (almost assertively) by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York City. The Advertising Manager urges you to buy a copy.

(Advertisement)

The Saturday Review

AUGUST 8, 1953

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVI, No. 32, Aug. 8, 1953. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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TRADE Winds

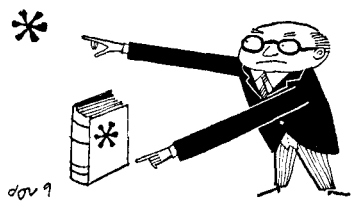
GBS WAS CERTAINLY no carnivore, but neither was he the austere ascetic about food that legend has led us to believe. This bit of dietary intelligence is passed along in a review by F. A. Voigt, in the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, of a new book, "Chronicle of a Life," published by Heinemann in England and written by Siegfried Trebitsch, who spent a lifetime translating Shaw into German. Shaw "used to get two extra helpings of macaroni au gratin, twice as many potatoes as anyone else, a large piece of Emmenthal cheese afterwards, three oranges instead of one . . . when I consider the quantities of food that Shaw devoured instead of the small slice of meat we ate, I rather doubt whether the vegetarian way of living is to be regarded as particularly abstemious or ascetic."

Mr. Trebitsch did not base the above conclusions on an occasional dinner with GBS either. While Shaw was "a youthful, unrecognized genius" William Archer introduced the two and soon a translatory, though not transitory, relationship started which was to last a lifetime. "Chronicle of a Life" is about Mr. Trebitsch's life, not Shaw's, but it is "largely a record of that friendship . . . an amiable, discursive book, free from adulation and from malice."

Mr. Trebitsch also tells of meeting James Ramsay MacDonald on the Orient Express shortly after the appearance of "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism." Discussing the latest Shavian assault on the minds of the orthodox, Britain's then Prime

Minister firmly stated, "After the Bible this is in my eyes the most important book humanity possesses."

ANOTHER BOOK STORY in the *Manchester Guardian* has to do with Lord Beaverbrook. Ever since 1945 thousands of people have written to his newspapers or his publishers or directly to him asking when he would publish his memoirs of World War II and thus balance his two-volume "Politicians and the War," which he had worked at secretly for ten years after 1918. To all inquiries, or perhaps enquiries, William Maxwell Aitkin gave evasive answers. His questioners go right on pointing out that his qualifications for writing about the First War, great though they were, were peanuts compared to the second time round, when he was not only Minister of Aircraft Production, Minister of Supply, Minister of State, and



Lord Privy Seal, but also a close friend of Winston Churchill.

Recently *The Evening Standard* began a series of extracts from another of Lord Beaverbrook's old books, "Success," and after a passage about Churchill there appeared an asterisk. The asterisk referred to a footnote. There, in small type, appeared an announcement: "Lord Beaverbrook will present shortly his own account of Churchill in a third volume of 'Politicians and the War'."

The book is expected early next year, and will not be confined to wartime events but will also include "The Age of Baldwin." Lord Beaverbrook will not yet commit himself about who will publish it, beyond saying it will be "whosoever will do the best job."

THE AIR EDITION of the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* is published in England on Thursday and arrives in New York on Saturday; thus its views and comments deal with the week just gone. It generally runs to sixteen tabloid size pages and is in my opinion the most literate and entertaining newspaper in the English language. Apart from enjoying its reviews of books, plays, and movies, I find myself waiting around for its editorial comment on various phases of American life and American policy. This is like standing off and taking a long dispassionate look at yourself through the eyes of an extremely polite and informed cousin, who is given neither to scolding nor flattery. Sometimes reassuring, sometimes deflating, it's a salutary experience, clearly worth $6.50 per annum.

Suddenly curious, I asked the *Guardian*'s New York office how many American subscriptions the air

NOTES *from* CALIFORNIA

▶ Some time ago we stated here that to publish a book is an act of faith. And that one article of our faith as a university publisher is that, over the long haul, the best books are the best investment.

▶ Sometimes we do not have to wait for the long haul. On March 28 we published volume I of The Sermons of John Donne, edited by Potter and Simpson. These sermons sell for $7.50 a volume, by subscription only, and when completed, there will be ten volumes. At this writing, nearly three fourths of the limited printing has been subscribed.

▶ Volume VI, the next to be published after Volume I, contains eighteen sermons from a very interesting part of Donne's middle period as a preacher: from May, 1623, to January, 1626. Within these dates occurred the death of James I, the accession of Charles I, the marriage of Charles to Henrietta Maria, and the terrible outbreak of plague in the summer and autumn of 1625. It was during these years, also, that Donne suffered the dangerous attack of illness that inspired his famous *Devotions upon Emergent Occasions*. It is, then, against a background of disturbing national events, and, for Donne himself, of a vigorous life interrupted by serious sickness and then restored to renewed activity, that one should view this volume of the sermons, which contains much of Donne's best work.

▶ Before Volume I was published, we sent out a prospectus to a number of people we thought might like to subscribe. Within two weeks we received the following letter: "Today I received your brochure descriptive of The Sermons of John Donne and I was immediately interested in acquiring the series, at $7.50 a volume. . . . Rather than mutilate the beautifully made brochure, I am sending you this letter. The brochure will be part of the series."

▶ We shall be happy to send the brochure to anyone who wants it.

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edition had and was delighted to find I had a *Weekly* kinship with 14,000 other inhabitants of the U. S. and Canada.

LAST YEAR THE SEA, this year the mountains. This is not vacation talk but book talk, as "Annapurna" fans will promptly recognize, not to mention readers of three newer books about mountain climbing. But with the Everest triumph still echoing from every peak the world over, it looks as if mountain readers are just among the foothills, and, if this isn't carrying metaphors too far, it also looks as if their Tenzing is nobody less than Elliott B. Macrae, president of Dutton.

For it was Mr. Macrae who signed up all four books last year. In addition to Herzog's "Annapurna" and Benuzzi's "No Picnic on Mt. Kenya" Dutton also published, on May 29, "The Story of Everest," by W. H. Murray, and "The Mount Everest Reconnaissance Expedition," by Eric Shipton. May 29, if you have forgotten, was the day Everest was conquered; that it also was Publication Day for Murray and Shipton wasn't as coincidental as you might think. "We picked the day," Mr. Macrae explains, "when the expedition should be at its highest point."

Not such bad picking either was Mr. Macrae's 1952 choice of a book he had not read, since it was in French, but which, from what he had heard, he called "The Kon-tiki of the Mountains." This was "Annapurna," which has sold at least 70,000 copies in the book stores, and 50,000 more through the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Dutton's mountaineering career is not over yet; the official story of the Everest conquest, to be written by Colonel Sir John Hunt, the leader of the expedition, will appear late this year or early next. This should be source material for some time to come, since the British Himalayan Committee had signed a tight little agreement with Hilary and the other British members of the expedition, binding them to hold back all diaries, notes, and records for quite a while after the official release of the book. The agreement doesn't silence Tenzing, since he's not a Briton, but because he can't speak much English nobody is too worried about being scooped. In the meantime Elliott Macrae is working on the rights to the story of a German expedition to Nanga Parbat, and an American one to the world's second highest mountain, known simply as K-2.

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"Writers like John Dickson Carr and Lillian de la Torre have given us exciting, scholarly fictional re-creations of bygone crime cases, but Mr. Maass' ranks with the best this reader has seen." —*N. Y. Times*

A LADY AT BAY

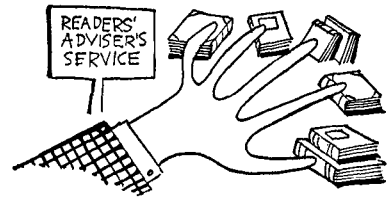
by Edgar Maass

author of *The Queen's Physician*

At all bookstores, $3.50

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

MY ADMIRATION for the institution known as the "Readers' Adviser's Service" of the New York Public Library is boundless, grateful, and—since I had only recently made use of it for the first time—no doubt a little naive. If all our public libraries offer comparable services, and I am told all the larger ones do, then millions



of people have at their fingertips, free and for the asking, invaluable help in mapping out a course of reading on any subject dear to their hearts.

It works so simply and so quickly. You telephone, or write, or go in, and say to one of the Readers' Advisers that you're interested, for instance, in the abolitionists, or in the development of labor unions, or in the history of censorship, or free speech, or whatever, and that you seem to be reading tons of stuff just to get a few driblets of usable information. Then and there the Readers' Adviser takes over, and pretty soon you have a selected and highly pertinent list of books in your possession. No fuss and feathers, no charge, and mighty few false leads.

I was so impressed with a five-page list that resulted from a brief per-

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young man named Harry S. Weeks in the main library of New York that I phoned the local library at Stamford Connecticut, which I use in the summer, to ask how and when the service started. Mrs. Katherine Willis reported (without having to look anything up first) that over a quarter of a century ago the Readers' Adviser's Service was a pet dream of Librarian Jenny Flexner, sister of the renowned Abraham and Simon Flexner, and that she argued for it with every authority extant in the library world. It was slow going, but in 1941 she saw her dream realized and wrote a book about it, "Readers' Advisers at Work." Hooray for Jenny Flexner!

TART NOTE, by way of seasoning this encomium: While I was at New York's finest, I went to the huge room where books may be borrowed for home use. On my own and without benefit of any advisers I began to search for a work by Harvard's Arthur M. Schlesinger, *père* not *fils*. An historical survey, its title is "Paths to the Present," and after going crazy trying to track it down I finally located it in the section marked "TRAVEL."

—LAURA Z. HOBSON.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 529

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 529 will be found in the next issue.

ZJQ NXDTY JY GAT VQTJG

UJBCHQT XU DJP, XHG XU

UTJQ, CHYG UXQ EXZTQ,

BPOHYGBNT, XQ DBYTQL

CTUG HPQTNGBUBTS.

NXQSTCC AHCC

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 528

Self-denial is indulgence of a propensity to forego.

—AMBROSE BIERCE.

A novel of the last Apache uprising

ADOBE WALLS

by **W. R. BURNETT**

Absolutely courageous, a warrior who fought to the death, asking and giving no quarter, the Apache stubbornly held out against the conscienceless Course of Empire long after it had steamrollered over the other tribes of the Great Plains.

This is the story of their last desperate uprising, under the young chief Toriano, and of Walter Grein, Chief of Scouts, so like the Apaches he was almost an outcast from his own people, who finally harried them to their death.

Adobe Walls was written out of an extensive personal knowledge of the Apache country around Tombstone and of the people—white and Indian—gained there twenty years ago by the author. Filled with the spirit of the open plain and the limitless sky, of man against man and courage against courage, it is a fast-paced, expertly told tale and one of the best stories W. R. Burnett has ever written.

- "Vibrant with action and suspense, minus the sentimental melodrama characteristic of most tales of the Old West.... here is W. R. Burnett at his best."
  —*Los Angeles Times*
- "A taut, original, and absorbing tale."
  —*Chicago Tribune*
- "The Southwestern country is savagely real in these pages—as harsh and huge as in Frederic Remington's painting."
  —*New York Herald Tribune Book Review*

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8-8

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The Saturday Review
AUGUST 8, 1953

NEW NOTES ON OLD MARGINS

Max Nomad is the author of "Rebels and Renegades" (1932) and "Apostles of Revolution" (1939), two books of historical interpretation which derived from the author's disenchanted view of radicalism in action. He had had ample opportunity to study the temperament of utopians and fanatics, first as a participant in Central European radical movements before World War I, later—in the early 1920's—as an employe of the Soviet Information Bureau in Washington, D. C. This article, "New Notes on Old Margins," is drawn from "A Skeptic's Political Dictionary," to be published in September by Bookman Associates.

By MAX NOMAD

SOME people indulge in the harmless pastime of keeping a diary in the secret hope that it may blossom forth into something approaching the "Journals" of Amiel, the Goncourt brothers, or André Gide. Others collect clippings on art, literature, crime, or politics as a short cut to an encyclopedic knowledge in the field of their predilection. There are others again who disfigure the margins of their books—not necessarily of a political nature—with reflections on the passages which one way or another remind them of the political problems and struggles of their day.

Not so long ago this writer, in going over the books on his shelves, found the following marginal notes and reflections, which are given here in the alphabetical order of the authors:

HONORÉ DE BALZAC: In **"Le Père Goriot"** the ambitious climber Rastignac vows one day irreconcilable hostility to the fashionable world only to dine the very next night with the Baroness of Nucingen, the most despicable specimen of the smart set he hated so much and was so eager to join. Today the Rastignacs do not dine with the Nucingens. They merely move into their mansions after the "proletarian revolution" has "nationalized" them.

* * *

The author of the **"Human Comedy"** often scandalized his admirers in conversation by turning from literary criticism to his favorite subject—his enormous royalties. The professional revolutionist does not scandalize his followers when he turns from the criticism of the existing evils to his favorite topic—the seizure of power. For he is able to persuade his listeners that *they* will share in it.

PIERRE BAYLE: According to the author of the **"Dictionnaire Historique et Critique,"** rich and poor alike found it compatible to believe in the religion in which they were brought up and to practise all the vices which it forbids. That was in the seventeenth century. In the twentieth century the champions of the poor find it compatible to call themselves Communists and to defend the crassest inequalities of income which are in strict contradiction to Communism.

BEAUMARCHAIS: "When it comes to women and money," says a character in **"The Barber of Seville,"** "there is no such thing as too much." Neither is there such a thing as too much when it comes to power.

AMBROSE BIERCE: According to the author of **"Tangential Views,"** anarchist philosophy postulates that "ye shall have no law," while under Socialism "law is all ye shall have." Had he lived long enough to behold Commu-

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nism at work he would have concluded that what he called "Anarchism" and "Socialism" have both been realized under the Soviet regime. For there the privileged upper crust is above the law, while the bulk of the population enjoys the greatest collection of laws, decrees, and regulations ever inflicted upon any people.

LEON BLOY: In his **"Mon Journal"** the devoutly religious French novelist who was at war with the hierarchy of his own Church quotes the words of a Danish clergyman who had said, "My health does not permit me to become a saint." Their health and their prestige similarly prevented the Communist champions of a classless society from sharing in the privations of the masses following the great upheaval that ushered them into office.

KAREL CAPEK: "Love," says the Czech playwright, "is the method of satisfying small needs at big expense." And so are war and revolution.

JOYCE CARY: According to the heroine of his **"Prisoner of Grace,"** propaganda is "better than murder." For killing the truth seems to be ethically less objectionable than killing men. However, the totalitarians have taught us that propaganda plus murder is incomparably more effective, that is, "better," than propaganda alone.

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON: "It always takes a considerable time to see the simple and central fact about anything," said the witty medievalist in his **"Utopia for Usurers."** It took more than three decades before it began to dawn upon a rather limited section of the educated that modern "Communism," for all its "proletarian" verbiage and millennial promises, meant hardly more than the substitution of the officeholder and manager for the capitalist.

* * *

"Capitalism really depends upon some religion of inequality," says Chesterton. He did not foresee that after the victory of "Communism" inequality would become the basic tenet of anti-capitalism as well.

CONDORCET: "From force to injustice," says the French liberal philosopher, "there is only one step." But what if the great injustices, such as totalitarian tyranny, can be eliminated only by force?

GEORGES DUHAMEL: "I have read," says that author in his **"Journal de Salavin,"** "that certain dervishes, saints of another shore, but saints just the same, were in the habit, during their walks, to sweep the ground before them in order not to risk hurting or crushing some insect. Yet in using their brooms are they not breaking the feet of all those ants, of all those little animals which they intend to spare?" One has also read of modern revolutionists, also saints, after a fashion, who have no compunction about causing the starvation of millions, as long as they can keep power, supposedly for the sake of generations yet unborn.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT: Of Emma Bovary it was said that she "found in adultery the same boredom she had experienced in marriage." The romantic in politics eventually finds in revolution the same corruption he had denounced when confronted by crooked everyday politics.

ANATOLE FRANCE: Speaking about savagery, his hero Jerome Coignard says that it "can be dealt with only by using a more perfect method of savagery." Following this precept, the Communists have done away with capitalist exploitation by introducing one that is much fiercer.

* * *

A character in **"At the Sign of the Reine Pédauque"** shows his contempt for money by forgetting to pay the men in his employ. In a similar way "proletarian" revolutionists are in the habit of showing their disdain for bourgeois liberalism by suppressing all liberties.

RÉMY DE GOURMONT: "The best woman," says the French skeptic and misanthrope, "is not worth the dream one has made of her." And the best plan of an ideal society is not worth the paper on which it was written.

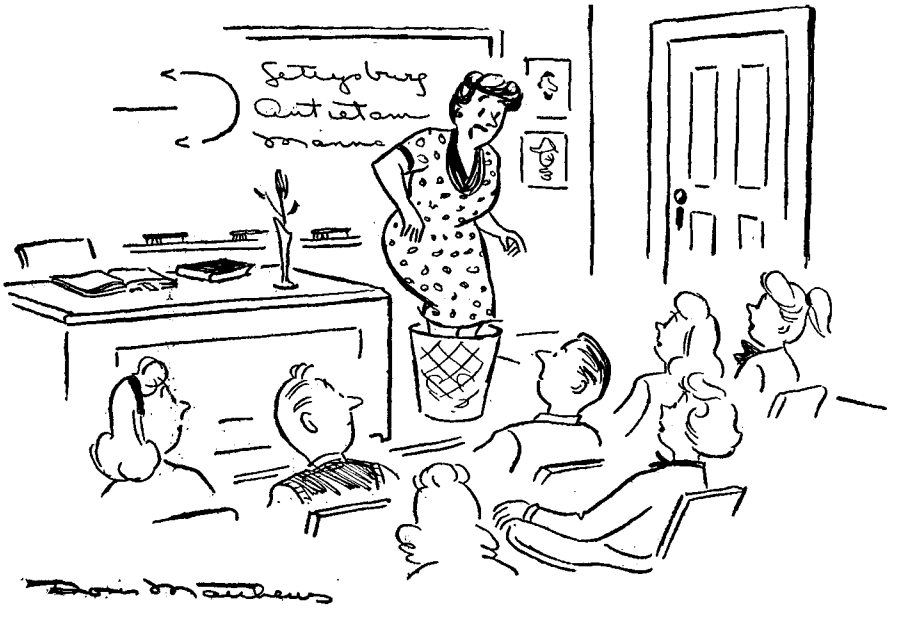
G. W. F. HEGEL: "If you want to live," wrote the great philosopher, "you must serve; if you want to be free you must die." This originally harmless sentence was given a somewhat too literal interpretation by his totalitarian disciples.

HEINRICH HEINE: "The deeper problems of the revolution," wrote Germany's greatest lyricist, "are concerned neither with forms nor with personalities, neither with the introduction of a republic, nor with the limitation of a monarchy; they are concerned with the material well-being of the people." Heine was, of course, neither a revolutionary leader nor a revolutionary theorist, or else he would have known that what the people really need is a new set of officeholders.

ALDOUS HUXLEY: "Means determine ends," says the author of **"Eyeless in Gaza"**—an idea which nearly eighty years before had been anticipated by the German radical Ferdinand Lassalle in his drama **"Franz von Sickingen."** What a pity every successive generation of revolutionists spurns the notion that installing a new set of tyrants and a new caste of parasites is not the proper method of establishing the kingdom of freedom and equality.

KARL KRAUS: "At best," says the Viennese philosopher and satirist, "psychoanalysis can be used for unmasking the psychoanalyst." Marxism can

(*Continued on page* 39)



"I'm General Lee and I'm surrounded!"

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Samoan Sanctuary of RLS

"Tusitala of the South Seas," by Joseph W. Ellison *(Hastings House. 297 pp. $5) is a new study of Robert Louis Stevenson's last years of life in the South Pacific. Here it is reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones, professor of English at Harvard University.*

By Howard Mumford Jones

A HISTORY of the attitude of critics towards Robert Louis Stevenson would make an interesting document in the vagaries of academic opinion. When, under the consulship of Plancus, I was an undergraduate every high-school student read "Treasure Island," every handbook for college freshmen had an essay from "Virginibus Puerisque," and every "liberal" professor of English, especially if he were a tweedy pipe-smoker, was steeped in RLS. Then came the O. Henry vogue; and then the great reversal. By the Twenties it was almost indecent to mention Stevenson. The mere fact that he corresponded on equal terms with Henry James proved nothing: he was a facile sentimentalist, a romantic poseur. A little later ebullient Scottish nationalism rediscovered him and reassessed him as a Scots writer; and later still American enthusiasm for the Pacific helped to rehabilitate him. "Tusitala of the South Seas," by Joseph W. Ellison, professor of history at Oregon State College, is a document in this second phase of Stevenson's reputation.

Mr. Ellison's account is so obviously faithful I wish it were better written, but the author has a fanatic attachment to the well-worn phrase. Consider the opening of his book:

> This is the picturesque and dramatic story of Robert Louis Stevenson's years among the fabulous, enchanted isles of the South Pacific. It is an account of a most charming, glamorous literary personality embarked on a strange Odyssey—in flight from grim, ever-pursuing death. It is an Arabian Nights tale of the exploits of this beloved writer whose adventure stories had already charmed millions, as he criss-crossed the Pacific, always only one jump ahead of the grim reaper, in small chartered vessels . . .

Aside from what George Saintsbury called the *gradus ad Parnassum* adjectives in this, alas! representative passage, I can only marvel at a glamorous personality jumping in small chartered vessels ahead of the grim reaper. This suspension of the ordinary rules of navigation is possible, I take it, among fabulous, enchanted islands. Stevenson deserves better prose than this.

However, the substance of what Mr. Ellison says is better than his style. He has fused together into a single study two parallel themes: a loving and rather uncritical account of the last five years of the novelist's life; and, in the best sense of the word, a critical history of the islands, particularly the Samoan Islands, as pawns among three imperialistic powers: Germany, Great Britain, and the United States, with France a bad fourth. It is not a pretty story. The white man was generically arrogant and ignorant; and the powers, Germany being the worst offender, showed no disposition to consider the welfare of the natives in terms of their indigenous needs and their traditional culture. The sorry attempt to impose European political formulae, European religions, and European values upon the Samoans is what Stevenson fought to expose. Like Stevenson, Mr. Ellison is enlisted upon the side of the natives; and only once—during his description of the hurricane which in 1889, by wrecking the vessels of three powers, possibly prevented a major war—does he view things through the eyes of the white men.

Stevenson emerges as a bigger man than ever Henry Adams or John La Farge found him to be. Considering the state of his health, one admires his success, which was limited, and his sympathy, which was unbounded; and one can scarcely complain of this invalid, playing almost a lone hand against the political world, that he succeeded neither in reconciling conflicting factions in Samoa nor in clinging to any policy very long. The wonderful thing was that for a time sheer altruism in a private individual almost proved to be a political force.

MR. ELLISON is not equally well equipped to deal with Stevenson the writer. He notes the paradox that, living in the South Pacific, Stevenson mainly wrote about Scotland; and he sensibly sees that "The Beach of Falesá" represented an advanced and even mildly radical treatment of sex in its time. He also speculates with acumen upon Fanny Stevenson's influence upon her husband's themes. Nevertheless, his comment upon "David Balfour," "St. Ives," and "Weir of Hermiston" adds little to customary judgments upon these later novels; and beyond quoting from the last of these, and asserting with a rhetorical flourish that he "seemed fired with inspiration" as he "shaped each character with the sharpness of a sculptor's chisel," he does nothing about this unfinished masterpiece.

The principal value of Mr. Ellison's study, in addition to his careful history of the Samoan controversies, lies in a kind of narrative drive. It is generally true, I think, that there is no necessary connection between literary accomplishment and the faculty of narration. "Lady Audley's Secret," for example, is a yarn that holds attention even though you are alternately amused and irritated by the bad writing; and so with a dozen other titles. Mr. Ellison's style is flat, but his book moves. He puts Stevenson into proper historical perspective as an activist; and this is a valuable thing to have done. The literary historian can now, if he likes, turn to Mr. Ellison's study and use his materials for a better comprehension of Stevenson the fictionist and controversial personality.

One excellent chapter is devoted to Stevenson's management of his household at Vailima. The narrative here really dramatizes the writer, and is written with considerable sweetness, so much so that the platitudinous vocabulary fails to disturb.

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A Novelist Newporter

"Edith Wharton," by Blake Nevius *(University of California Press. 271 pp. $3.75) is a new full-length study of the work of an able American novelist too often erroneously regarded only as a poor man's Henry James.*

By W. T. Scott

THERE is some mystery about Edith Wharton's life and something at least puzzling about the rise and collapse of her writing talents. Further clarification of her career awaits opening of letters and other papers sealed at the Yale Library until 1969. Meanwhile Blake Nevius, despite still unavailable documentation, has managed in a volume entitled simply "Edith Wharton" a valuable full-length study of her stories and novels. It is the first of its kind in the field, and though Mr. Nevius inclines to a lecture-room style and a consequent habit of quoting other critics, his book is intelligent both in its plan and its perceptions. Where he uses biographical conjectures he does so with a decent cleverness.

The opposing stresses in Edith Wharton's life must have been severe. She was an intellectual. But by birth and marriage she belonged to the uppermost level of American society, post-Civil War. Her class was smug, superior, rich, and, to the extent it was conscious, anti-intellectual. Like all dying classes, it had the illusion of the permanency of its little world. Mrs. Wharton's "own kind" either ignored her literary tries or found them ridiculous.

The ambivalences thus set up in her were complicated by an increasingly disastrous marriage; by her divorce—which was not done in her set; by the decades of her ambiguous friendship with Walter Berry; by her awareness of the limitations of her birthright and yet by her dislike of the world which brazenly replaced her own.

So most of her best work—"The House of Mirth," "The Custom of the Country," "Ethan Frome," "The Age of Innocence," and some short stories—was done between the times she was forty and sixty: that is, in the years after she had transcended her environment and before she relaxed into the aging *grande dame's* nostalgia for it.

The social stresses seem to bear directly upon Mrs. Wharton's work. As Mr. Nevius says, "Generally . . . her novels deal with the trapped sensibility." Like her great friend Henry James, she was a novelist of manners and one whose traditions were European. "In large part, her fiction is a record of the deterioration of Old World ideals under the impact of industrial democracy. . . . Her awareness of social change was confined to its impact on the little society to which she belonged. . . . She demanded a fixed point of reference, which was provided by the manners of her class but which in the end proved a handicap since it limited her vision."

Mr. Nevius has treated sensibly the often-cited literary relationship which, as he says, has relegated Mrs. Wharton to a position of a poor man's Henry James. He may—understandably—hope his study will ride the tail of the James kite: "The reader who knows his James is at least half-prepared to understand Edith Wharton on first acquaintance." In any case, he reminds us that "the two novelists' origins, background, and class outlook, as well as their literary ancestry, were almost identical"; that after an early discipleship Mrs. Wharton (like James's brother William) was exasperated by the Master's later novels, and that her strongest work is her least Jamesian.

Mr. Nevius speaks of "the peculiar world she inhabited, a world suspended, as it were, by equal attraction between the worlds of society and letters, in which the prevalence of leisure, independent means, and a taste for art and letters encouraged the various kinds of dilettantism reflected in her fiction." Mrs. Wharton's peculiar triumph was that her fiction itself transcended dilettantism. One wishes, the best of it is so good, that it were greater; but given her handicaps, the ultimate wonder is the authenticity of her achievement.

Notes

OSCAR WILDE'S FAMILY: Oscar Wilde is one of the most dramatic figures of *The Yellow Book* era; and the recent publication (in England) of his trial records has uncovered the lurid path that led to his disgrace and later degradation. But not enough has been known of his family background,

(*Continued on page* 40)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

FIRE!

Herewith are ten famous conflagrations of literature. Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to identify the works in which they blazed forth and their authors. Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of fifty is lukewarm, sixty comfortable, and seventy or better a cheerful glow. Answers on page 34.

1. The threatening fire that started in a rick-yard on the recently acquired farm of Bathsheba was gotten under control by Gabriel.
2. At Silver Ho plantation a mother, her small daughter, and the family doctor were trapped in the nursery when the house burned to the ground.
3. On a broiling frigate an obedient son stood by the post his father had assigned to him until the ship exploded.
4. A man lost an eye and a hand in a futile effort to rescue his mad wife from the roof of flaming Thornfield Hall.
5. What Mrs. de Winter thought to be the northern lights was really Manderley ablaze.
6. The inhabitants of a Chinese town were not pyromaniacs but they burned their homes as rapidly as they could rebuild them in order to cook meat.
7. The aged owner of Radclyffe House threw a lighted candle at his unfaithful young wife, causing a fire which destroyed the mansion.
8. A Tudor structure on the Hudson called Muhlenberg's Folly caught fire around a motion-picture projector and was reduced to ashes.
9. Anstey Manor, two centuries old, went up in flames a hundred feet high while the members of the household and four weekend guests watched helplessly from the grounds.
10. A fire that broke out in the basement of a Park Avenue apartment house disrupted a fashionable party on the ninth floor where Piggy Logan was presenting his puppet show.

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—United Press Photo.

Mrs. FDR and Pakistan's ex-Prime Minister Nazimuddin—"most engaging humility."

The Orbits of Mrs. Universe

Eleanor Roosevelt's "India and the Awakening East" *(Harper. 237 pp. $3.50) is a distinguished American woman's thoughtful report on what she observed on a tour of the Middle East, Pakistan, India, Indonesia, and the Philippines. Our reviewer, Ambassador Bokhari, is Pakistan's Permanent Representative to the U.N. and one of the country's leading men of letters.*

By Ahmed S. Bokhari

THE debate on the Children's Emergency Fund in the 1950 session of the UN General Assembly had a surprise ending. At the final vote the United States was the only nation to abstain, the others being unanimous. The Fund had been established in 1945 to help sick and destitute children suffering from war shortages in countries which had been "victims of aggression." It had distributed food, clothing, medicines, pencils, toys. In two or three years it had put the smiles back on children's faces in Europe and, impelled by its own vision, had begun to turn towards Asia and Africa.

Enthusiasm for it was somewhat marred when, in 1950, a proposal was put forward that the Fund should henceforth replace "supplies" by "technical advice" and should be financed from the general U.N. budget instead of from voluntary contributions made by governments specifically for the purpose. Administratively, its various activities should be split up and "coordinated" with the existing agencies of the U.N. Technicalities apart, this meant the death of the Fund as people had known it.

For many long days a number of the principal donor countries spoke in favor of the proposal. The American delegation announced that if the Fund was not thus reorganized, its Government might not contribute. Their reasons were painstakingly explained by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. International programs could deal with "emergencies," not with "chronic deficiencies," —the destitution in Asia, Africa, etc., was chronic; "the principle that field missions must be financed solely by voluntary contributions might set a dangerous precedent for some of the major enterprises of the U.N."; and so on. Convincing up to a point, but —and this distinction must be made— not satisfying. Certainly not to the Asian and Latin American majority which pleaded that the Fund should operate in other continents as it had in Europe. For, these delegations argued, many of the children in underdeveloped areas needed medicines and milk now, as well as long-range plans for the future. In the end they won, but it was a tasteless victory. It "saved" the Fund, but it revealed great gaps in understanding. The isolation of the USA, the world's most philanthropic nation and the Fund's greatest contributor, made everyone unhappy.

THE arguments advanced by the Asians are a matter of record. But in political debates, truth is often condensed and adorned with dialectics, and becomes unrecognizable. Perhaps they suspected "discrimination." Perhaps they feared that some of the donor nations wished to kill the Fund, being loath to make financial commitments in respect of a project that no longer dealt with a postwar urgency. For it would be difficult to have a Fund and not contribute to it. These were ruminations—gloomy, inconclusive, dispersed. There had been no "previous consultations" among the Asian and Latin American delegations, much less among their Governments. No one "led" them, any more than any one leaf leads the others when they rustle together in the same wind. What did bring the underdeveloped countries together were deep stirrings that have begun to be understood but recently. To them the Children's Fund was a symbol of genuine international cooperation, unhampered by politics, voluntary, generous, warm. They were beginning to step up their own contributions to it, and the Fund's example was inspiring national programs for the care of children. Here was being fulfilled a small part of the dream that is the United Nations. And now someone was about to upset it all. In fighting for it so valiantly they were, according to their belief, fighting for the U.N.

The American delegation was visibly annoyed, attributing the opposition to hostility perhaps, or perversity. But this in time gave place to a more thoughtful approach. During 1951 and 1952 the "awakening East," to use Mrs. Roosevelt's own phrase, was felt in many debates and grew more articulate. "I began to feel," she says, "that we in the United States did not understand what created these tensions and emotions that crackled throughout the U.N. and we certainly lacked knowledge of the conditions out of which they grew." So, abjuring comfort and rest (does she ever rest?) she packed up her white tennis shoes, the better to tread the dusty villages of the East, and took off for the Middle East, Pakistan, and India,

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returning home by way of Indonesia and the Philippines.

She tells what she found in a book called "India and the Awakening East." Of the more positive aspects of the awakening which she had begun to sense in the U.N. she found encouraging evidence: growing industries, land reforms, a fast developing social conscience among women, agricultural developments, power projects, courage, intelligence, vitality, and devotion. These would explain the verve but not the passionate impatience, the longings, and the frustrations that give many Asian speeches in the U.N. their unconventional and, to many well-bred ears, their unintelligible, tone.

PERSPECTIVE, however, is admirably achieved by Mrs. Roosevelt, for she wisely measures the small beginnings against the burdensome legacies of the past and the gigantic difficulties: the appalling poverty, the vast unemployment, chronic ill health, and the illiteracy of a multitudinous population growing at an enormous rate. Every now and then she wonders, as do the Asians themselves, whether their efforts will ever catch up with their problems.

International aid is the only remedy that suggests itself to her; and her insistence on it, born of personal observation and wide comprehension, will, one hopes, carry more weight than if it came from an Asian. "The countries of the Middle East desperately need technical assistance from the United States and through the United Nations . . . our Point Four Regional Director was most optimistic about what Point Four could do in Pakistan . . . obviously India needs some outside help . . . we would be unwise not to cooperate to the best of our ability in the development of Indonesia in order to make life more worthwhile for the people." These observations are interspersed throughout the book. She notes with obvious satisfaction how international cooperation is visibly dramatized in India by the help India receives from the Colombo Plan, MSA, the Ford Foundation, the Rockefeller Foundation, U.N. Technical Assistance Program, U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization, World Health Organization, UNESCO, and UNICEF—which, incidentally, would seem to belie Mrs. Roosevelt's fear that the Indians' belief in the virtue of renunciation might hinder their material progress.

The obstacle at least to aid operations as an instrument for achieving world stability is not philosophic detachment, but political skepticism—the fear of economic domination. National pride is not itself a hindrance, for the pride is the pride of national independence and if independence is not hurt, neither is the pride. "They need our help but they're all too often afraid to take it." Mrs. Roosevelt notes of the Arabs and the same point is developed at greater length and with greater insight in her chapters on India and Indonesia.

This outlook, we are encouraged to conclude, is something different from plain irrational hatred—racial, national, or religious—which she might once have thought to be the motive force of Asian solidarity in the U.N. Once in her book, on the second page, she remarks on being "fully conscious of a certain amount of hostility." By the time she has traveled to Indonesia and page 214 she notes that "they are not antagonistic to us, but like other countries that have recently become free, they are definitely wary of us."

In short, the East's memories of imperialism are too painfully recent. It does not quite believe, not yet, that in a world in which nationalism is such a strong, inflexible doctrine, its own nationalism can afford to relax. Its only salvation lies, it believes, in the redemption of democracy's pledge all over the world and in every field of international endeavor. Ironically, therefore, the Eastern nations, themselves struggling towards democracy with far to go, are more passionate guardians of the principles of international democracy and of the U.N. than some of the original founders.

DEMOCRACY cannot afford moral failure anywhere. If it fails in one place doubts and difficulties are doubled everywhere else. For the new countries it is a strange role to play that they should be exhorting the older democracies to mind their p's and q's, but history sometimes speaks through small voices and one must be indulgent. The responsibilities that are put upon the shoulders of the great democracies are undoubtedly onerous, but "if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?" Mrs. Roosevelt's own advice to her countrymen is really no different. "Somehow they [the Asians] must be brought to realize that our desire for material success is coupled with spiritual motivation as well and they must understand what these motives are. This may mean that we shall first have to clarify them ourselves. . . . An understanding of our own spiritual foundations may be one of the bridges we need to better understanding of the East and its people." For America, above all, such clarification should be easy and no less easy for her to be guided by her moral sense abroad, as at home.

During her travels Mrs. Roosevelt carried another question also in her mind: "Will Communism or democracy be the choice of the awakening East?" That she has not found, or at least vouchsafed to us, a categoric reply was only to be expected, but her observations can be summed up in two words: "It depends."

THERE are matters in the book on which (one can be sure!) Mrs. Roosevelt will be interrogated. She will certainly be asked some day why, as a strong supporter of the U.N., she did not attach more importance to U.N. decisions on the Israeli-Arab dispute, which are suffering from neglect. She will be sharply questioned, and not least by Moslem women themselves, on her statement that "women, by the teaching of the Koran, are lesser beings." Her character sketch of Mr. Nehru will be criticized for explaining Mr. Nehru's best deeds but not the rest. Some of her numerous hosts and hostesses will rush to explain their gaucherie where it annoyed or amused her—so difficult, you know, to tell when a Western guest wants to "go native" and when not. Non-Moslem countries which supported the Tunisian cause in the U.N. will feel hurt that the matter is dismissed as a manifestation of religious sentiment. But for her earnest desire to understand the East and for interpreting it sincerely, honestly, and with great percipience no one will feel less than grateful. Although the book is primarily addressed to the American public, it will attract many readers in the East who will be all the better for "seeing ourselves as others see us." For all her habitual courtesy, Mrs. Roosevelt never minces words when she feels she must speak out.

Mrs. Roosevelt had rare qualities for the task she undertook: world prestige without the encumbrance of official status, a peculiarly American (and most engaging) combination of curiosity and humility, and a rich mental background and experience. Her book reflects all this and her great fund of good will besides. And, as with everything she undertakes, the predominant impression she leaves behind is that of her urbanity, energy, and intense activity: "One of the greatest problems on a crowded trip of this kind is to find time to do such simple things as getting one's hair washed." If the fashion of an earlier era could be revived, the book could aptly be called "An Intelligent Woman's Guide to Human Understanding." This might lose her some readers interested in the East, but might attract others now apathetic to it. That would be a great gain.

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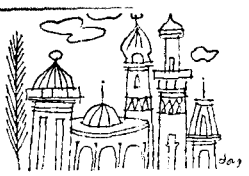
Old and New in Collision



"Middle East Dilemmas," by J. C. Hurewitz *(Harper. 273 pp. $3.75) is a scholarly analysis of the quandaries with which the United States is faced in the Middle East and of our failures thus far in solving them. Mr. Lehrman, who reviews it here, is the author of "Israel: The Beginning and Tomorrow" and other books.*

By Hal Lehrman

GENTLY, with due process of scholarship and sympathetic consideration of the extenuating circumstances, but also with a firm index-finger pointed to the record, J. C. Hurewitz demonstrates in his new book, "Middle East Dilemmas," that American policy in the Middle East is in desperate need of overhaul.

In the winter of 1951-52 Dr. Hurewitz, assistant professor of international relations at Columbia University, wrote "information papers" for background use at five sessions of a Middle East study group convened by the Council on Foreign Relations. Under Council sponsorship, he has now enlarged and developed these excellent little essays into a formidable volume of investigation concerning the origin, growth, and challenge of the "dilemmas" confronting our policy makers in a vital zone of global strategy.

Patterning his chapter topics after the seminar's discussion themes, but with his own independent treatment and conclusions, the author examines in turn five major segments of the current Middle Eastern scene. These are the Anglo-Iranian imbroglio over oil, the Anglo-Egyptian impasse over imperialism-nationalism, the Arab-Israel stalemate between war and peace, the situation of Turkey, and the Western program of economic and technical assistance.

In all these sectors Soviet Russia is the prime, remorseless, deadly foe —but only in Turkey and Israel is the foe acknowledged, and only in Turkey has the West won security. Elsewhere we have simply arrived at varying but substantial degrees of frustration, imperiling the Turkish achievement and the free world's defenses. Instead of the "situations of strength" on which the containment idea relies, Dr. Hurewitz argues, our confused maneuvers are contributing to "situations of weakness"—while Moscow's wolfish interest in the area steadily mounts. The Kremlin has not yet taken over, but the race is getting hotter and our advantage smaller with every fresh stumble.

Dr. Hurewitz notes that the divisions and debilities inside the Arab Middle East—and the embarrassments arising from Britain's anomalous status as simultaneously an ally and a "colonial" power—vastly hamper our groping for regional consolidation vis-a-vis the Russians.

The fact is that the United States is indeed groping, not reaching out with strength and clarity. Even our recognition of the area's importance, and the practical consequences of such recognition, began abruptly no earlier than 1947 and the Truman Doctrine. We have since assumed staggering obligations, as much in five years as Britain in 150 years. But our previous "interest without responsibility" has merely been replaced in most part by "responsibility without result."

These views of Dr. Hurewitz are not thrust upon one with dogmatic peevishness. They emerge, almost imperceptibly but with obdurate logic, from the case itself. If the author betrays zeal, it is purely for facts. He piles them up, analyzing each of his five model problems with a meticulous historical detail likely to overwhelm all but the most earnest of readers. The latter, however, will achieve a documented comprehension of American inadequacies to date in a part of the world where inadequacy can be fatal to us.

—*Burck, in the* Chicago Sun-Times.

"Where There's Smoke . . ."

As sample dilemmas he lists, among others, the quandaries of being consistent in an area wobbly with inconsistencies; of being equally amenable toward an Arab world and an Israel whose good will is equally necessary but who are at each other's throats; of pursuing short-term strategic objectives which collide with long-range economic reforms; of somehow securing cooperation from the reactionary ruling elements while stimulating that social progress without which the door is opened wider for the Soviet "liberators."

Under such perplexing conditions, Dr. Hurewitz sees the range of choice for U.S. policy as sharply restricted. From Britain, he suggests, we can only strive to obtain a greater elasticity toward local nationalist aspirations and, "wherever necessary . . . a graceful exit." As for the local Arab populations themselves, we must either give them up as beyond persuasion—with all the dire strategic implications of such an abandonment —or else proceed "with greater vigor, imagination, and resolution than we have exercised in the past."

Notes

ORIENTAL EMOTIONAL RESERVOIR: Japanese success in Southeast Asia in World War II destroyed both the authority and prestige of Western colonialism. To fill the void came movements of Asian nationalism. In an attempt to assess the new nationalisms, the Institute of Pacific Relations held its eleventh conference at Lucknow, India, in 1950 with delegates from sixteen countries. The discussions, together with significant preparatory studies, have been edited by William L. Holland under the title of **"Asian Nationalism and the West"** (Macmillan, $5).

Asian nationalism is seen as an immense emotional reservoir channeled towards practical achievements. Thus Communist success in Asia has been based more on admiration of Russian achievements than on Marxist ideology. That Japan may someday seek trade relations with Communist China, that Indonesians can sympathize with Indo-Chinese Communists, and that

(*Continued on page* 34)

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Romance of the .45

It's been a great year for stories about the American Indians of the Great Plains and what happened when the expanding civilization of the white man collided with them. Mr. Agnew here reviews five of the best books of the latest crop.

By Seth Agnew

ANTHROPOLOGISTS and historians do not agree as to when they came. Or where they came from. Or, for the matter of that, as to who they were. All that seems clear is that they were the first modern pioneers and settlers of the American continents. Later arrivals, weak on their geography but strong in their hopes of finding a new route to the Orient, called them Indians and set about the task of claiming Indian lands for their own and the Indian people as their subjects.

It is only in the last 150 years that the tribes of the Great Plains of the American West have been subdued. Their story and the story of the searching, restless, westward movement which finally subjugated them has been the theme of countless books, both fiction and non-fiction. This season, for example, there is an unusually large number of books about the settlement of the West, and of these five are up for discussion here—three concerned with the Indians and with their conquest, while two are about the kind of men and women who, for better or worse, made the West what it is.

The Plains Indians were, for the most part, hunters following the huge buffalo herds and drawing from them meat for food, hides for shelter and clothing. To the west other tribes depended more upon wild berries and roots and seeds, with occasional hunting forays after meat and skins.

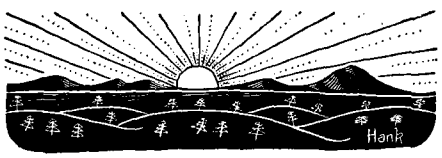
Before the Spanish colonization of the Southwest in the seventeenth century the tribes had had no other means of locomotion than their legs, no other beast of burden than the dog. The Spanish introduced the horse to the West. As fast as the horses could breed and be traded or stolen they spread to all the tribes, making the Indians much more efficient and formidable hunters—and warriors. In the years that followed the Indian civilization reached its height. By the white man's standards, it may not have been much of a culture, crude, bloodthirsty, harsh, and, worst sin of all, different; but it suited the Indians, and they got along with it very nicely.

The first Yankees from the new little country to the east were the hunters and trappers and traders, many of them hardy individualists who, finding Kentucky and Ohio and Tennessee too crowded, moved on away from the settlements and civilization. The fur trade of the 1830's opened up the West still further, as steamboats began to ply the Missouri River and the Army established forts and outposts to protect the fur company caravans. Meanwhile down in Texas independence, followed by annexation, opened up new lands for the adventurous and the adventurer. Longhorn steers were to be had for the branding and land for the taking. The resourceful Texas cowboy began to drive his herds north to market, as far as Ohio and even Chicago.

And then in the 1840's gold was discovered at Mr. Sutter's mill; and the big push was on. Wagon train after wagon train set out across the plains, often heavily guarded by the Army against Indian attacks by tribes who resented these trespassers on their lands. The Indians recognized the emigrant trains for the threat to their way of life that they were and struck back against the invaders.

After the Civil War many more eyes, both Northern and Southern, turned to the open lands of the West, where a man might get a new start, might strike it rich, might find new opportunities. In the early 1860's the Government had granted the railroads land rights to push the tracks through to the Pacific coast. In 1862 the Congress had passed the first of the Homestead acts. There was, therefore, a way to get to the West, and land to be had when you got there.

Until the first of the settlers arrived the white man and the red had, in a fashion, lived peacefully side by side. It was not an easy alliance, for the Indians, distrustful of strangers, possessive of their hunting grounds, traditionally warlike, caused the permanent disappearance of more than one white hunter. Yet some of the mountain men from the East had learned Indian ways and customs: some took Indian wives: some were even adopted into Indian tribes. Their knowledge of Indian ways and customs was soon to prove invaluable when, as scouts, they helped the cavalry subdue their former hosts.



A COLLECTION of short stories by Dorothy Johnson, **"Indian Country"** (Ballantine Books. Clothbound, $2. Paperbound, 35¢), deals with these early days of settlement, with the Plains Indians before they were driven into reservation, and with the settlers who were trying to sink their roots in Indian territory. She presents skilfully this early frontier life, with its harshness and its peace, its ignorance and its wisdom, its squalor and its glory. Even more unusual, many of the stories are told from the woman's point of view, making clear the moral and emotional resilience which made it possible for these pioneer women to survive and hold together their families and their homes.

The first story is of two girls carried off by the Sioux. When freedom offers, one girl returns to the settlements, her character permanently shaped by her years with the Indians, while the other chooses to remain with her warrior husband. Another story is of an outcast from Eastern society who, feeling betrayed by his own people, finds peace and satisfaction in the Indian ethic and the Indian way of life. Again, there is the story of the pioneer girl who is forced to choose between the rising and solid young rancher and the romantically dashing outlaw.

Here are Western stories at their best. There is no romanticizing of the noble savage or of the intrepid pioneer. Here are credible men and women in credible situations. Here are stories told with pace and suspense and skill.

The westward push of the settlers inevitably meant the end of the Indian way of life. Wholesale slaughter of the buffalo herds for their hides had almost eliminated the major food-source of the plains Indians. And now the white men were demanding Indian lands for new settlements, for cattle ranges, for farms. There began the shameful process of dispossessing the Indians by a mixture of broken promises and armed force. One by one the tribes were rounded up and forced onto reservations; often only to find that soon the white man wanted the reservation land, too, and that they would have to move again to some less desirable location. It was

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skilful—and now desperate—fighters. There were bloodshed and brutality on both sides, but superior numbers and equipment in the end prevailed. In the 1870's and 1880's the last of the tribes were herded into reservations. The only task now was to hold them there.

A novel of the driving of the Indians out of their lands is Robert Payne's **"The Chieftain"** (Prentice-Hall, $3.50). The Nez Perce Indians had claimed the Wallowa Valley in the territory of Oregon as their own. But the fertile valley was too rich a plum for the land-hungry settlers of Oregon to leave to the Indians, and in the 1870's the Army set about moving the tribes to a reservation. The Nez Perce, led by Chief Joseph, fought to hold their lands against what they considered to be treachery. They fought an epic, if unequal, war against the whites, first to return to Wallowa, then to make good their escape across the Rockies and into Canada. But in the end the broken tribe had to yield and were sent to the reservation. Mr. Payne is somewhat florid in his descriptions and weak in his characterizations, but here, as so often in writing about the West, the basic conflict is sufficiently vivid to carry him through the thin spots.

ANOTHER novel of the Indian wars is **"Adobe Walls,"** by W. R. Burnett (Knopf, $3). This is the story of a break from their reservation by the Apaches.

As the railheads to which the cattle had to be delivered moved west, so did the cattlemen. The cattle ranches came up out of Texas into Wyoming and Montana, westward into New Mexico. Many of these cattlemen were not overly scrupulous about how they acquired their ranges—not really their range, but Government land which "belonged" to the man who could hold it. As the cattlemen moved into new territories there were inevitably fights over grassland and water. There was not much law "west of the Pecos" except the law of the Colt, and out of the range wars grew up a group of gunmen, mercenaries, who lived by selling their guns to the highest bidder, if not by outright banditry and rustling.

Such a gunman was W. H. Bonney, of whom Edwin Corle has written a fictionalized biography, **"Billy the Kid"** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $3.75). Bonney was certainly one of the most publicized and romanticized of the Western badmen. Not too much is known about him except for the reminiscences of oldtimers and highly colored newspaper reports. There has never been a definitive biography, but

—From "Songs of Freedom."

Mr. Corle's novel has made use of such material as there is available. Billy rose to real notoriety in 1878 in New Mexico's Lincoln County War—outright warfare between rival cattle interests, ending in a stand-off, with both sides broken. So ruthless was the fighting that popular demand was overwhelming for law and order in the territory. General Lew Wallace was appointed governor and, according to Mr. Corle, tried to enlist Billy's aid on the side of enforcement, but Billy had been too long his own law. He took up robbery and rustling, once broke jail, and was shot to death by Sheriff Pat Garrett in 1881, aged twenty-two. Billy was at once a product and a victim of his times, and Mr. Corle has done a convincing job of explaining him, not condoning him.

While the cattle interests were battling with each other a more serious threat to their supremacy than the possible intrusion of a rival brand on the range was making itself felt. The homesteaders were steadily moving west, proving up their claims and breaking up the rangeland into small holdings. The cattlemen resisted, but it was in vain, for the law, when the law came, was clearly on the side of the sodbusters.

Jack Schaeffer's **"Big Range"** (Houghton Mifflin. Clothbound, $2. Ballantine Books. Paperbound, 35¢) is a collection of short stories about the West of this period. Mr. Schaeffer, perhaps best known for his earlier novel, "Shane," which has recently been filmed, has avoided the bucketty-buckety type of Western story. The West of which he writes here has become comparatively settled, and these are stories of the sodbusters, townspeople, cowboys, sheepherders, soldiers, who have done the settling. There are still horse thieves to be dealt with, although the marshal disapproves of meting out traditional frontier justice. The Colt is still to be reckoned with, although promiscuous shooting is not encouraged. There are still violence and bloodshed as a heritage from the immediate past. There are still the independence and self-sufficiency which characterized the pioneer settlers. Primarily, Mr. Schaeffer is concerned with the people of this new West and with their reactions, for good or bad, to the new environment and the new way of life which was to become the West of today.

"You Are There!"

Hardiest of fiction's perennials is the historical novel. There have been perhaps more than usual published this summer. Here Mr. Mandel takes a critical look at six of the newest arrivals.

By Siegfried Mandel

ALTHOUGH critics have scored Sir Walter Scott's historical romances as badly strung together and carelessly written, and Mark Twain jumped with both feet on "Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offenses," readers by the hundreds of thousands took Scott, Cooper, and similar romances to their hearts. Indeed, of all the literary genres it is the historical novel—light or heavy—which is the hardiest survivor today.

One can have a field-day trying to explain why the vogue continues so strong. Is the historical novel a "peripheral titillation" device which, like the movies and television, opens a route of escape amid menacing headlines of the day? Perhaps. But if that is the case the standard novel could serve the same purpose. Often it does. Yet, the historical novel has one overriding appeal, namely *justifiable* escapism. The liberal sprinkling of history gives the reader a feeling of informative gain, above and beyond the usual pleasure of reading for reading's sake. Historical fiction permits the reader to luxuriate in the feeling of "You Are There!"

Six just-published works feed the reader's armchair imagination in exactly that way. You are there when tar-and-feather mobs express the rebellious mood of the American colonists against Britain; when Henry Clay's marathon-oratory rings out for war against the British in 1812; when Civil War battles rage at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg; when royalist conspiracies attempt to unseat Napoleon; when Chileans are roused against domination by Spain; when, in 1956, Russian troops occupy France.

The mere parading of figures who actually lived, and whose exploits have become familiar to the public mind by a vague sort of osmosis, lends an automatic credibility to historical fiction. While writers in other genres struggle to create an atmosphere that will encourage "suspension of disbelief," it is ready-made for historical fiction writers. This is a thumping advantage, but one dangerous to coast on.

More often than not, a stupendous amount of research goes into these works. In a supplementary note to **"Freedom's Way"** (Funk & Wagnalls,

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$3.50) Theodora McCormick unveils a list of eighteenth-century source-references to assure the reader that he is getting more than his fiction's worth. One must say that her background material is woven unobtrusively into an adventure-crammed narrative about Caroline Matilda. This unlikely young lady escaped the hangman's knot in King George III's England and was accorded a slightly more pleasant fate as one of the indentured servants who were periodically exported to the American Colonies. As attendant at the royal court she became a victim of an intrigue that saw her falsely accused as a jewel thief. But good breeding will out, so that after a number of melodramatic sequences she parlays the iron collar around her neck—the mark of indentured cargo—into marriage with a wealthy Southern plantation owner. Somewhere along the line of these brisk proceedings the author is unable to resist the cozy touch of having Caroline rub elbows with no less a personage than George Washington. Their exchange at the Annapolis Coffee House is one of those calculated surprises that historical novelists can pull out of their hats at will.

Less skilful practitioners than Theodora McCormick, who do not master fluent narrative, are bound to arrive at some sort of undefinable documentary hash. Cases in point are Alfred Leland Crabb's **"Home to Kentucky"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50) and Karl Brown's **"The Cup of Trembling"** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $4).

Mr. Crabb nicely details the fabulous career of Henry Clay (1777-1852), whose golden oratory and political sense catapulted him into prominence as a Congressman, as Secretary of State, and as twice-defeated Presidential nominee of the Whig Party. The numerous samples of Clay's oratory and skill as courtroom lawyer and politician Mr. Crabb offers make one wish that he had attempted straight biography and avoided the cloying fictional touches that disfigure his worthwhile Americana material.

THE same criticism holds true for Mr. Brown's handling of the Stowe family, which is viewed through the eyes of Frederick William Stowe, son of Harriet Beecher ("Uncle Tom's Cabin") Stowe. Mrs. Stowe is crudely caricatured as a vicious, mystical harridan who made the life of her son, Fred, one long tormented affair. Although she pulled strings for him while he fought for the Union Army, she made no move to see him after he was wounded critically at Gettysburg. After a discharge from the Army she took Fred under her wing again, broke

(*Continued on page* 30)

Bored With the Good Earth?

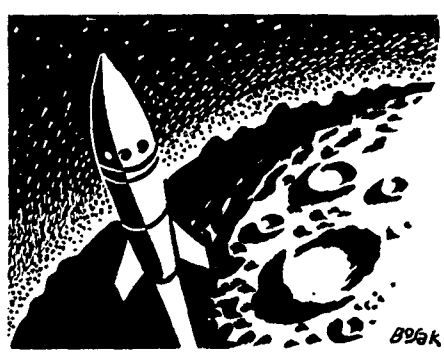
The fascinating possibilities of space travel are considered in three new books: ***"Man in Space," by Heinz Haber*** *(Bobbs-Merrill Co. 291 pp. $3.75);* ***"A Guide to the Moon," by Patrick Moore*** *(W. W. Norton. 255 pp. $3.95); and* ***"The End of the World," by Kenneth Heuer*** *(Rinehart. 220 pp. $3). Our reviewer, Robert H. Baker, formerly professor of astronomy at the University of Illinois, is the author of "The Universe Unfolding" and other books.*

By Robert H. Baker

THIS era of jet propulsion and of rockets impelled to high altitudes has occasioned the publication of a sizable shelfful of books on various aspects of space travel. Three new titles are representative of the trend: one is a scientific account of the means of space travel and of safeguarding the travelers; another is intended as a travel guide for those planning a voyage to the moon either in fact or by armchair travel; the third enumerates some catastrophes, either natural or man-made, that could destroy most life on the earth and persuade the survivors to emigrate to another planet.

"Man in Space," by Heinz Haber, ably analyzes the physical and psychological hazards man faces in space. The author is a professor in the department of engineering of the University of California at Los Angeles and a pioneer in space medicine, concerned with the problems of human travel outside the protecting film of air immediately above the surface of the earth.

As an engineer familiar with aircraft problems, Dr. Haber is concerned first of all with the most promising vehicles to be used in space. As the two forerunners of future spaceships he selects the German V-2 rocket and its various American counterparts and the air-launched Douglas Skyrocket including its wings. The WAC Corporal boosted by the V-2 rocket has attained a burnout speed of 1½ miles a second and an altitude of 250 miles. An initial thrust of 200 tons —seven times that of the V-2 rocket— could give a third stage of release to a small spaceship something like a Skyrocket at a required altitude and with the speed of five miles a second so that it could coast in a circle thereafter as a satellite to the earth. A freight ship having a final payload of twenty tons, which would probably be needed for assembling a space station, would require an initial thrust by the first booster, itself then weighing several thousand tons, of as much as 10,000 tons—a multibillion dollar project.



Dr. Haber hopes that the engineering problems of space conquest may be solved, but the human problems he considers still open. He cites experiments that have been made in exposing men to conditions comparable to the high accelerations to which they would be subject during the initial five minutes of the flight from the ground. A nine-fold increase in the weights of their bodies and its drastic effects on their blood circulations and respirations might be survived by conditioned men if they lay down. The problems arising from the weightlessness of everything aboard the ships during the long coasting periods might be solved through experience. The problems of operating a pressurized cabin in empty space are many; one of these is what to do about the almost instantaneous decompression that would occur if a meteorite punched a hole in the cover of the cabin. As the author recounts these and other hazards the reader is expertly informed and much interested, and may decide that he himself would wish to stay safely at home.

PATRICK MOORE, the author of "A Guide to the Moon," is an Irish amateur astronomer who is a zealous observer of the moon with the telescope and is conversant with the literature of the subject; he is a member of amateur astronomical societies and of an interplanetary society. His book contains background material about

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—*From "A Guide to the Moon."*

Speculative "portrait" of Earth from the canyons of the moon, showing the magnificent aureole which will gleam at "full Earth."

the moon's motions, its eclipses, its very rare atmosphere, its climatic conditions, and its relation to the earth and the rest of the universe. The lucid descriptions of its surface features are accompanied by a useful map and by photographs and drawings. Mr. Moore believes that its major features are of igneous and not meteoritic origin. He cautions the reader that the details of the origins of the features, as well as the origin of the moon itself, are controversial. He describes and evaluates some of the divergent theories.

Mr. Moore's concluding chapters on "The Way to the Moon" and "The Lunar Base" represent the current thinking of many astronauts. Employ step-rockets to get off the ground. Then assemble a space station outside the atmosphere, a structure perhaps of hollow spheres connected, which will keep circling around the earth and spinning to produce some semblance of gravity. From there proceed to the moon and establish a permanent base, possibly in the flat terrain of Mare Imbrium. The base, he thinks, could be a stepping stone to other planets.

"The End of the World: A Scientific Inquiry," by Kenneth Heuer, a former lecturer in the Hayden Planetarium, makes interesting and informative reading; it has illustrations by Chesley Bonestell and bears a note of approval by Albert Einstein. The opening chapter relates how belief in the end of the world was perpetuated through the centuries by repeated predictions having scriptural or astrological bases. Frightened people came to look upon rare natural phenomena such as bright comets and eclipses as precursors of the end.

In the following chapters Mr. Heuer discusses successively some natural catastrophes which might destroy the world or at least many of its inhabitants. Collisions with comets, he points out, are very infrequent and even then could cause only local damage. He mentions a recent science-fantasy story in which a comet brushed the earth with its tail and stopped its rotation, and, after departing on other surprising errands, finally came back and set the earth rotating again. He finds a very similar story published by one Whiston in England 250 years ago.

Collisions of asteroids with the earth, Mr. Heuer continues, can cause damage to an extent depending on the sizes of the intruders. Mile-wide asteroids pass near us and still smaller ones drop in, as indicated by Meteor Crater in Arizona. The moon may spiral in toward the world in the very distant future, causing excessive tides and disastrous floods and perhaps pelting us with massive fragments after its disruption by earth-raised tides. Another star might some day approach our sun close enough to excite it to destructive fury—but that is a very remote, if spectacular, possibility.

STILL another possibility is that the sun may explode, emitting millions of times its present radiation and burning us to a crisp. Present astronomical thinking, however, holds that the novae, which are sometimes called exploding stars, are degenerates; and the sun does not seem destined to enter that category for many thousand billion years. Ultimately, we suppose, the sun must exhaust its store of available energy and become a cinder. Life on the earth must then be frozen

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sold. But before that can occur, the sun in the process of transmuting its hydrogen into helium should become hot enough to boil off the oceans and to dispose of us as well.

All in all, the end of life in the world by natural causes seems quite remote. There is, of course, the possibility that mankind may destroy itself. In a chapter on "Atomic War" Mr. Heuer recounts the solemn warnings of scientists on what might happen in the event of wholesale use of atomic bombs. Even so, and even if we on the earth are the only human beings in existence, intelligent life will go on, according to the author. Survivors will move on to other planets. Twenty thousand people have already made reservations for the first trips to the moon and some of the planets. They did so in fact in response to a harmless advertising program of a planetarium that was putting on a space-travel show. Presumably few of those people had the money to buy tickets for such an expensive cruise, and probably not one of them was prepared to commit almost certain suicide.

On the basis of recent theories of origins, Mr. Heuer assures us, it is possible to say life will go on; for the purpose of the universe is life. To some of us this conclusion may seem rather more wishful than logical; after all, we are certain that life is impossible without a universe, but a lifeless universe is not at all inconceivable.

Song

By May Sarton

This is the love I bring,
Absolute and nothing:
A tree but with no root,
A cloud heavy with fruit,
A wide stone stair
That leads nowhere
But to empty sky,
Ambiguous majesty.

This is the love I bear:
It is light as air,
Yet weighs like the earth;
It is water flowing,
Yet adamant as fire.
It is coming from going.
It is dying and growing.

A love so rare and hard
It cuts a diamond word
Upon the window pane,
"Never, never again,
Never upon my breast,"
Having no time to bring,
Having no place to rest,
Absolute and nothing.

Progress of Practical Thought

Waldemar Kaempffert's "Explorations in Science" *(Viking Press. 296 pp. $3.50) is a veteran science editor's exposition of what scientists are doing these days. Mr. Stokley, who reviews it here, has written numerous syndicated features on scientific subjects.*

By James Stokley

IT was in 1897 that Waldemar Kaempffert, then a twenty-year-old graduate of the College of the City of New York, accepted the position of assistant editor of the *Scientific American.* Thus began a long and distinguished career of interpreting science to the American public. Since 1927, except for three years when he was director of the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago, he has been science editor of *The New York Times,* a point of vantage from which to survey the whole field of science and to watch the explorations of which he writes.

A scientific journalist such as he, turning out copy regularly, like that in his weekly "Science in Review," in the Sunday *Times,* as well as longer articles in magazines, is in a fortunate position. After a while—a few years, perhaps—he has among his writings the material for a book, though of course he cannot just gather together a batch of clippings and send them off to his publisher without further work.

First he must make his selections, since his available material would be enough to fill a whole set of volumes. Then he must edit that which he has decided to use, perhaps to emphasize points which now loom more important than they did originally. Perhaps the scientist whose work is reported has modified some of his conclusions since the research was first reported. Thus the author has the chance for a "second look," which was not possible when he had to meet a rigid newspaper deadline.

It is well that this is so, for it does allow some permanence to be given to good writing that otherwise would be quickly forgotten in months-old newspapers and years-old magazines. A number of excellent books have come about in this very manner.

In making his selections for the present volume, Dr. Kaempffert reveals his wide interest in all phases of science. Of course, atomic energy occupies his attention—no one could write on important aspects of science today without talking about it. His first chapter is an account of atomic bombs, not only the "old-style" Hiroshima and Nagasaki uranium type, but also the H-bomb.

The United States has spent a billion dollars, he says, "to build, on the Savannah River, the largest industrial plant in the world to produce tritium," the hydrogen of triple weight which seems necessary to make hydrogen bombs. On account of such efforts, he states, "hydrogen bomb-making is the third largest business in the United States."

But atomic energy is not solely a force of destruction, as he points out in another chapter, "Atoms Instead of Fuel."

EVEN successful and cheap atomic power would be relegated to the background in comparison with the possibilities he discusses in "Can Science Create Life?" Though no definite answer can be given to this question, it does seem as if we are making steps in the right direction. Chemical units called amino acids have been linked together to form long-chain molecules and these seem to have many of the characteristics of proteins, thus far produced only by living organisms. And among the viruses, in that curious borderland between the living and the non-living, crystalline materials have been endowed with the power of reproducing themselves, which is one important attribute of life. Yet crystalline structure has been regarded as not occurring in the living. If this sort of thing can actually lead to living cells produced in the laboratory—and Dr. Kaempffert seems to feel that eventually it may—we might then have the means by which man can plan his own evolution into something far higher than the present human species.

Other chapters of this fascinating work deal with mechanical hearts and lungs, the enigma of cancer, how an artificial satellite might be built in space, the 200-inch telescope at Mt. Palomar, the lure of sunken treasure, how codes and ciphers are broken, and power from the sun. There is one interesting chapter on the "Evangelist of Utopia," the late H. G. Wells, which

(*Continued on page* 29)

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The Last Edwardian

A friend and admirer of Hilaire Belloc discusses the life work of the British essayist-historian-poet who died in England on July 16, on the eve of his eighty-third birthday. D. W. Brogan is professor of political science at Cambridge University.

By D. W. BROGAN

ENGLAND has lost her greatest man of letters. Not her greatest living writer, though a claim could be made for that; not her greatest scholar, though—as Belloc himself wrote in a celebrated poem—he was "full of learning of a sort"; not her greatest orator, though he was an orator and a brilliant debater. No, the man who died near his Sussex home at Horsham was above all a man of letters, and characteristically he did not want to be a man of letters. As Dr. Johnson would not let people discuss the possible career that he might have had at the bar, so Belloc turned away from the various careers he might have had—so he thought—had fate been kinder. He might have been, for instance, a professor of mathematics; he might have been a professor of history. Had his father lived and had his son thus grown up in his native country, he might (and here the probabilities were high) have entered the Ecole Polytéchnique and become an officer of artillery like Foch, not a driver in the artillery and —as he reported—a poor one at that. ("Conducteur médiocre" said his discharge card.) *Dis aliter visum*; his father died; he was brought up in England, and he became a man of letters.

Few men have written more books, and few men have written more good books. But there was in Belloc always the air of the man of action thwarted. It came out in his sport, yachting, and can be felt in the admirable "Cruise of the Nona." It came out in his prowess as a walker (and a walker by English standards, not by what passes for "walking" in the United States). It came out in his appearance, which, as more than one writer has noted, got more and more like the traditional John Bull. You could see him in the streets of Oxford or in the Reform Club with his gaiters, his side-whiskers (not sideburns), his strong, stocky body. He was, as the French say, "*trapu*." In his old age he grew a beard and the hand of time was heavy on him, but for a great portion of his life he looked what he was in part, a Sussex farmer.

He was also, of course, a man born in the Ile de France in the *année terrible*. He lived all his life under the shadow, not only of that tragedy in the life of France and of Europe, but in the shadow of the permanent French tragedy, the schism in French society made by the Revolution. He had hoped as a young man to see the reconciliation of two great and good things, the Church and the Republic. It is a theme of what is probably his best as well as his most famous book, "The Path to Rome."

His dark view of the modern world was no doubt reinforced by personal losses. His American wife, whose charm was legendary in London, died young; he lost one son in the First World War and another in the Second. Three of his very closest friends, Gilbert Keith Chesterton, Maurice Baring, and John Swinnerton Phillibore, long predeceased him. But even before these personal blows fell on him, when he was still a brilliant young writer, a member of Parliament, and a famous orator, his poetry, in which he said so much, showed a despondent view of a world that had gone increasingly wrong since the great disaster of the Protestant Revolt against

Hilaire Belloc—"he will be read."

Church.

For the two most important things about Belloc were that he was a Catholic and a poet. He would have said that the first was the only important thing about him or about anybody. The basis of all conflict, Cardinal Manning had once told him, and he was never tired of repeating, was religion. And in his last great effort, his heroic poem in praise of wine (which he dedicated to a non-Catholic friend, Duff Cooper, now Lord Norwich), the theme is treated not hedonistically but sacramentally.

Among the English writers who have put the Catholic case in modern times, Belloc was unique in that he was not a convert. And he had some of the irony of the born Catholic at the zeal, the sense of novelty of the newcomers. He would have enjoyed the story of Mrs. Luce and the Pope, and he was the hero of a possibly apocryphal story of the same type. He was, so they say, "assisting" at Mass in Westminster Cathedral and talking to a friend. A verger tapped him on the shoulder and asked him to be quiet. He was told to go to hell. "Oh, I'm sorry, sir," the verger responded, "I didn't know you were a Catholic."

HE WAS. "Europe and the Faith" was for him one of his most important books. There was no nonsense of tolerance about his intellectual attitude. "Les paiens ont tort," as it was said in the "Chanson de Roland." "Protestants think in paving stones," was a favorite dictum and *caritas non conturbat me* a principle of action. He didn't think, as an Irish Catholic might, that Protestants were wicked; he was convinced that they were silly and, in a Protestant country like England, that attitude made him formidable enemies. The Protestant Irish superiority of Bernard Shaw and the Catholic French superiority of Belloc made them natural enemies, but I suspect that Shaw had more respect for Belloc's mind than Belloc had for Shaw's—which is as it should have been. And H. G. Wells, who was continually being fired on by both, had some reason to complain that the two orators did not find time to discover what it was all about.

His friend E. C. Bentley in one of the early "clerihews" stated that:

> Mr. Hilaire Belloc
> Is a case for legislation *ad hoc*
> He seems to think nobody minds
> His books being all of different kinds.

They were. He wrote essays, novels, short stories, travel books, religious—

(*Continued on page* 35)

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The Saturday Review

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Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY *Associate Publisher*, W. D. PATTERSON

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Litany for Modern Man

I am a single cell in a body of two billion cells. The body is mankind.

I glory in the individuality of self, but my individuality does not separate me from my universal self—the oneness of man.

My memory is personal and finite, but my substance is boundless and infinite.

The portion of that substance that is mine was not devised; it was renewed. So long as the human bloodstream lives I have life.

I do not believe that humankind is an excrescence or a machine, or that the myriads of solar systems and galaxies in the universe lack order or sanction.

I may not embrace or command this universal order, but I can be at one with it, for I am of it.

I believe that the expansion of knowledge makes for an expansion of faith, and the widening of the horizons of mind for a widening of belief. My reason nourishes my faith and my faith my reason.

I am not diminished by the growth of knowledge but by the denial of it.

I am not oppressed by, nor do I shrink before, the apparent boundaries in life or the lack of boundaries in cosmos.

I see no separation between the universal order and the moral order.

I cannot affirm God if I fail to affirm man. If I deny the oneness of man, I deny the oneness of God. Therefore I affirm both. Without a belief in human unity I am hungry and incomplete.

Human unity is the fulfilment of diversity. It is the harmony of opposites. It is a many-stranded texture, with color and depth.

The sense of [illegible] possible a reverence for life.

Reverence for life is more than solicitude or sensitivity for life. It is a sense of the whole, a capacity for wonder, a respect for the intricate universe of individual life. It is the supreme awareness of awareness itself. It is pride in being.

I am a single cell. My needs are individual but they are not unique.

When I enter my home I enter with the awareness that my roof can only be half built and my table only half set, for half the men on this earth know the emptiness of want.

When I walk through the streets of my city I walk with the awareness of the shattered cities beyond number that comprise the dominant reality.

When I think of peace I can know no peace until the peace is real.

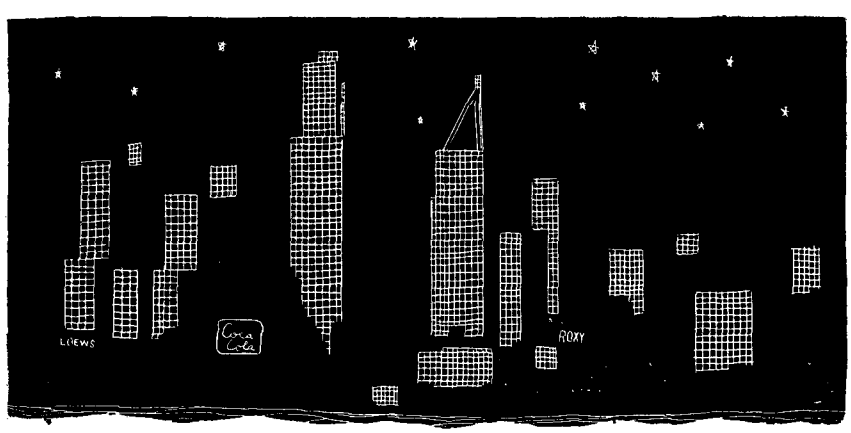
My dedication, therefore, is to the cause of man in the attainment of that which is within the reach of man.

I will work for human unity under a purposeful peace. I will work for the growth of a moral order that is in keeping with the universal order.

In this way do I affirm faith in life and life in faith.

I am a single cell in a body of two billion cells. The body is mankind.

—N. C.



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ME, MYSELF AND I

IN CONNECTION WITH the title of the book "Two Lives: The Story of Wesley Clair Mitchell and Myself" [*SR* May 23], I question this use of the reflexive. I take it that the two primary functions of the "self" words are 1) in the case of action coming back to the subject [he killed himself] and 2) emphasis [I, myself, will do it]. Mrs. Mitchell's use is neither of these. Her use has the support of an apparently growing popularity, chiefly in colloquial context, but not always. Witness the same issue [page 39], "It is all very well to say that much of the recent suspicion of our culture and ourselves is a form of envy."

Apparently this unfortunate tendency originates with the large body of persons who cannot carry the thread of their sentences and who, to avoid having to decide whether to say, "He did it to John and I," say ". . . and myself." Mrs. Mitchell wouldn't say "The Story of Myself," but because other words intervene she is lost.

HERBERT BEBB.

Chicago, Ill.

"THE JUNGLE"

I HAVE LOOKED unsuccessfully in your issue on BOOKS THAT CHANGED AMERICA [*SR* July 4] for any mention of Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle." Instead, I find "Babbitt"—an excellent novel, to be sure, but it would be difficult to prove that it changed America very much, since apparently we have just as many Babbitts now as we ever did.

"The Jungle" made a real difference to America. The first important pure-foods bill was forced through a reluctant Congress by the uproar it caused. The novel had substantial, but less measurable, results in another field as well. It called the attention of America to the inhuman conditions under which many men in industry had to work at the beginning of the century. The bettering of the lot of present-day industrial laborers is in some respects due to Sinclair's novel.

ARNOLD P. BIELLA.

Fresno, Calif.

NEW ANGLE

YOUR EDITORIAL "Read Books and Live Longer" [*SR* June 27] has given me the perfect answer to those who taunt me with excessive book reading. Since roughly age five, when I first became fascinated by print, I've heard the words "What do you want to stick your nose in a book for?" in various nuances, all equally ungrammatical. When I was a youngster I was assured it would ruin my eyesight; in my teens there was the constant refrain of "You ought to be out having fun, meeting people, not moping in the house with a book." In my twenties I was accused of thinking too much, which was definitely not in keeping with the times, or conducive to matrimony. Now, in my thirties, I am accused of preferring the dead to the living and substituting flat black type for the three-dimensional original, of being introspective and intellectual, that being the current crime against nature.

But who can dispute such healthful arguments in an age devoted to the cult of youth and vigor? It's one angle I never would have thought of.

ANN THOMAS.

Miami, Fla.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"And after you've called the man with the team, call my broker and have him sell all my horseless carriage stock!"

NO STUDENT OF NOYES

I SHOULD LIKE to correct a statement made in several reviews, including yours, of Mr. Alfred Noyes's book "Two Worlds for Memory" [*SR* June 20]. Mr. Noyes is mistaken in thinking that I was a pupil of his at Princeton. I knew him there but did not take his course or sit in his preceptorial.

EDMUND WILSON.

New York, N. Y.

NEGATIVE CHRISTIANITY

ALBERT SCHWEITZER makes the judgment, in his otherwise brilliant article [*SR* June 13], as though it is an historical fact, that during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Christianity finally joined forces with the Renaissance so that henceforth "Christian ethics was able to give an objective to its activity and thus achieve its full development."

This implies that Christianity under the influence of the Renaissance abolished its negative view of the world that it developed during antiquity and the Middle Ages and created in its stead a dynamic, humanitarian ethic. This implication is open to serious doubt.

Christianity, whether it be Roman Catholicism, Greek Orthodoxy, or the various types of Protestantism, derives its ethics from revelation. And although various interpretations are given to this revelation by the different churches, nevertheless all agree ultimately that the highest ethical deed is not an act of love and compassion toward another human being, but rather the highest and worthiest ethical deed is "to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." In consequence today all branches of Christianity teach that if everyone would only "believe on Christ" all our social and personal moral problems would be solved. Actually, because Christian dogma insists that man is prone to do evil rather than good, Christianity remains negative.

FRANKLIN P. SMITH.

Albuquerque, N. M.

"PARABLE"

IN MY POEM "Parable" [*SR* July 4] there was an error in the next to the last couplet. The word should have been "within" but the "in" was left off. But don't blame the typographers or editors—it was my own error in typing. I am sorry as the lack of the word "in" spoils the sense of the line and the poem.

A. M. SULLIVAN.

New York, N. Y.

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The Shakes of Albion

LONDON.

WHETHER Shakespeare is the heart of England or England the heart of Shakespeare is a moot point. Suffice it to say that the two are inseparable and that you cannot go very far in Britain without bumping into a Shakespearean production of some kind.

Most of those that are professional (and I use the term at the peak of its generosity) are found in London, but usually not in the fashionable West End theatre area. Instead, they tend to crop up at such out-of-the-way places as the Old Vic across the Thames, the Mermaid Theatre in the City of London, the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park, or at the Lyric Theatre in the suburb of Hammersmith. The lesser accessibility of these playhouses seems to have no effect on attendance. Perhaps it would if the plays were less substantial, but when a classic is seriously produced audiences are willing and eager to take a half-hour trip to see it.

The recently restored Old Vic (it was gutted by bombing in World War II) is the newest and best-equipped theatre in London. During the summer it is turned over to the subsidiary Old Vic companies from other cities. A performance of "Henry V" by the Bristol Old Vic, whose production of "Two Gentlemen from Verona" was hailed as the surprise success of last summer, turned out to be a slight disappointment. Denis Carey's direction was inventive, as indeed it had to be to compete with the memory of Sir Laurence Olivier's superb motion picture, but his young actors were not always able to sustain the bold conceptions he had suggested to them. This was particularly true in the case of John Neville in the leading role. His Henry was a slightly neurotic one, and his voice lacked the strength necessary for the full shout. However, the lines were read better than they usually are in American attempts to do Shakespeare and the comic roles were played most adroitly. This "Henry V," though it will soon be forgotten in England, is gratifying proof that the British theatre is continuing to train its new generation of actors to that point of competence where its finer talents will be able to emerge.

Just producing Shakespeare is no guarantee of theatre improvement, for proof whereof one need only instance the ludicrously bad "Macbeth" that Bernard Miles and his company are performing at the Mermaid Theatre. The moment that three charwomen (so they appear) enter to deliver the play's opening lines the audience knows it's in for it. And all of the strange performances that follow merely confirm a first opinion. At one point Josephine Wilson, as Lady Macbeth, appears on stage as if poised to take off and soar out of the auditorium; her failure to do so seemed a breach of faith with a patient audience. On the other hand, the Mermaid is a most interesting theatre of interest to all drama lovers. It is similar to Elizabethan theatres in certain respects, but where the Elizabethan stage was deep, so that an actor could step away from a scene into more or less intimate contact with the playgoers, the Mermaid stage is shallow and very wide, and would seem to make for diffusion rather than concentration of action—much as happens in a three-ring circus. It is the only theatre inside the City of London, and perhaps this historic atmosphere will somewhat mitigate the tragedy of "Macbeth."

To go from the ridiculous to the sublime takes two-and-a-half hours by train and a short cab ride to Stratford-on-Avon's luxuriously modern Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. This summer Anthony Quayle and Glen Byam Shaw are in charge of the productions there, and they have a company that includes Michael Redgrave, Peggy Ashcroft, and Marius Goring. The plays currently on view "The Taming of the Shrew," "King Lear," and "Antony and Cleopatra." Tickets are in great demand, and I felt most fortunate in wangling a seat for "Antony and Cleopatra."

IT is a simply interpreted, tightly played performance. While it overlooks some of the complications that the Oliviers went into in their recent production and makes no attempt at elaborate scenic effects, the Stratford production holds the audience much more firmly. Peggy Ashcroft's red-headed Cleopatra is a tremendously effective one. She interprets the Egyptian queen merely as a woman who is wholly concerned with holding her man. Of course, Cleopatra is more than that, but most actresses who have tried to make her more have shipped water, and in one instance, I am told, have sunk. Miss Ashcroft floats very nicely, and although she is occasionally caught in a gesture that resembles a football player's straight arm, hers is probably the most satisfactory Cleopatra in a long, long time.

Michael Redgrave's Antony is something else again. Except for that moment when Cleopatra angers him by allowing Caesar's messenger to kiss her hand, he plays Antony as a quietly morose individual who is defeated before he starts. Harry Andrew's Enobarbus makes the production seem strangely familiar to those who saw him in the Olivier season in New York. Donald Pleasance's Lepidus is good-humored and adept.

The scenery and costumes by Motley are rich though simple. How much of Egypt's nocturnal pleasure is suggested by a lighted candelabra carried onto a bare stage! More indeed than Stratford's various museums suggest the man who wrote the play.

—HENRY HEWES.

Peggy Ashcroft as Cleopatra—"a woman wholly concerned with holding her man."

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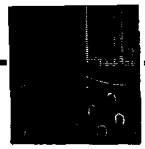

Arms and the Man

PROBABLY no one who has not himself served time in the Army can fully comprehend the curious and very special kind of pride a soldier takes in his outfit, the unreasoning, defensive loyalty that leads frequently to barroom brawls, occasionally to deeds of glorious heroism. The true soldier finds a home in the Army. His Company becomes his family, and a new kind of blood relationship is born. Fierce, strong, demanding, it knows no compromise. Whenever a new man joins the outfit he is either with or agin' it—and woe to the man this family refuses to accept.

James Jones wrote his king-size novel **"From Here to Eternity"** with full awareness of this burned deep in his consciousness. It motivates and colors the actions of each of his principals, with added intensity because these are thirty-year men, soldiers in the Regular Army back in 1941, before the days of the draft. His hero is Prewitt, an individualist who believes that "a man that don't go his own way is nothin'." Yet despite the indignities and tortures the men of his outfit seize upon to force him to conform, Prewitt shares their pride in their Company. Sgt. Warden, Jones's co-protagonist, is all Old Army, submerging his sense of decency and fair-play to his own interpretation of "the good of the service." Even Maggio, hard-drinking, hard-talking, warm-hearted, tries to steer a difficult middle course between loyalty to his outfit and friendship for Prewitt.

There is also, of course, authority—and the abuse of authority—in Jones's Army: by Captain Holmes, who would force Prewitt to fight on the Company's prize boxing team, by the sergeants under him who have been given license to break Prewitt's spirit, by the brutal sergeant of the stockade who bludgeons Maggio to death once he has him in his power. But it is always abundantly clear that, while Jones by no means approves of these excesses, he does accept them as part of a system that he loves blindly and devotedly. His is the devotion of a child to a stern father, with possibly a touch of masochistic pleasure in injustice granted official sanction. It is the devotion of the Regular Army man to the service that cares for him, thinks for him, and shapes his soul.

Daniel Taradash, carving a screenplay out of Jones's massive story, has splendidly captured this naively complicated state of mind, holding it as the psychological background for his characters. Only with this setting firmly established could the people of this film ring as true as they do. Far more important, far more exciting than any single incident in this action-filled picture is the steady evolution of strong, real personalities from an established point of departure. In the two hours of its running time, "From Here to Eternity" permits us to know intimately Prewitt and Warden, Holmes and Maggio. We come to know their strengths, their weaknesses—and the women who link together the lives of these men in the hours snatched away from Army routine. The contrast yet basic similarity between Prewitt and Warden is artfully suggested by the intercutting of their separate love affairs.

THIS remarkable penetration of character, however, might have been utterly wasted were it not for the splendid cast that Columbia Pictures brought together to animate these roles. Montgomery Clift, as Prewitt, reveals again his uncanny ability to lend eloquence to an incoherent personality. His eye, his gesture unfailingly suggest the nuances of feeling that the script writer dare not let him speak. Burt Lancaster is no less impressive as Warden, the taciturn, assured top sergeant who runs his Captain's company by the book and makes love to his Captain's wife on the side. Frank Sinatra, without a single song, turns the subsidiary role of Maggio into one of the strongest in the picture, while Philip Ober, Deborah Kerr, and Donna Reed head the uniformly excellent supporting cast.

Director Fred Zinnemann, of "High Noon" fame, realizing the riches at his disposal, has wisely chosen to build his picture slowly. The opening sequences, starting with a long, solitary shot of Prewitt entering Schofield Barracks for the first time, give a quiet, intimate, almost objective introduction to the principals. But violence flickers ever about the edges. The Captain is a ruthless man, determined to have Prewitt on his boxing team. Prewitt is equally determined not to fight: he has blinded a friend in the ring. The Sergeant is strong—and on the side of the Captain. The pace builds as Prewitt begins to undergo "the treatment," but cautiously,

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more about these men. Not until the death of Maggio does Zinnemann pull out all the stops, hastening from violence to violence until the bloody climax of Pearl Harbor and the Jap air attack on the barracks. And then the final revelation of what soldiering really means. This is at once the richest and subtlest directorial job that Zinnemann has yet performed.

"From Here to Eternity" is hardly an Army recruiting film. For civilian tastes it makes the Army seem tough and hazardous. A soldier's life, unattractive at best, is here made more so by the ever-present possibility of being trapped in a system that commands unquestioning obedience, that builds conformity through harsh authority.

And yet this picture does help us to understand at the same time what would attract some people to the Army, and even grudgingly to admire—because now we know—some Regular Army types. As Prewitt justly observes at one point, "We may seem all alike. We ain't all alike." And it is this steady revelation of Army people, based upon the detailed observation of a writer who knew them at first hand, that makes this one of the most engrossing pictures of the year.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SR Recommends

From Here to Eternity: Reviewed in this issue.

Vice Squad: Edward G. Robinson supervises in a semi-documentary on the Los Angeles detective force. (*SR* Aug. 1.)

The Band Wagon: The old master, Fred Astaire, ably assisted by Cyd Charisse, Jack Buchanan, and a galaxy of Dietz-Schwartz tunes. (*SR* July 25.)

Stalag 17: How plenty of horseplay enlivens the tedium of a German prison; the successful Broadway play faithfully transplanted. (*SR* July 4.)

Julius Caesar: A magnificent setting of the Shakespeare tragedy, with Sir John Gielgud as Cassius in the van of a cast glittering with electricity and passion. (*SR* June 6.)

The Juggler: A wanderer's struggle to fit into the alien homeland of Israel; title role superbly acted by Kirk Douglas. (*SR* May 9.)

Man on a Tightrope: A tense chronicle, scripted by Robert E. Sherwood, of the escape of a Czech circus troupe from Iron-Curtainland. (*SR* May 30.)

Shane: Another superior Western, with screenplay by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., a rewarding performance by Alan Ladd, and magnificent scenery by Technicolor. (*SR* May 2.)

Call Me Madam: The uninhibited Ethel Merman in an engaging movie adaptation of the stage show. (*SR* Apr. 4.)

Lili: Waif Leslie Caron takes up with some French carnival puppets in a charming musical. (*SR* Mar. 7.)

Justice Is Done: A French courtroom drama which poses a haunting human problem. (*SR* Feb. 28.)

Communist machine-gun fire dropped him in combat. But whole blood kept him alive, saw him through the hospital. He thanks you for his life.

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The Dialectical Dilatories

THE cavity that yawns widest on TV-radio's spoken word programs is the vacuum created by the absence of dialectic—defined in my "Concise Oxford Dictionary" as the "art of investigating the truth of opinions, testing of truth by discussion, logical disputation." Opinions, discussion, disputation may be found on the air in good measure, pressed down and running over; talk is cheap there in the money sense. But in a time such as ours, when men are called upon "to decide, in the strife of Truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side," you would hope that the broadcast folk, who willingly in their official creed assume the role of enlighteners, would occasionally take a few steps forward in thought instead of just generally "sounding off."

"Author Meets the Critics," for example, almost always beckons in the program schedule with titles and people that promise, yet I cannot recall a Thursday night when I did not follow its lure to irascible frustration after the first ten minutes. The author tells us of his book, which is interesting; the hostile critic attacks, which is provocative; and the friendly witness defends, which further whets the appetite. But there the program, for the observer, invariably ends its mental thrust. Subsequently you may be amused, aroused, or bored, but the hoped-for adventure of the pursuit of opposing ideas to some new and higher synthesis is still-born. I could, if it were necessary, document this assertion with an account of how James A. Michener, author, Harold LaVine, who didn't like the book, and Max Lerner, who did, met at the "Bridges at Toko-ri" recently, and came out by precisely the same doors as they went in, but I am sure that readers who follow the program can furnish their own examples of twenty stationary minutes.

Lack of dialectic on "Author Meets the Critics," however, is merely a regrettable absence, not a fault. The program is concerned with preferences not truth; its purpose is to entertain, and for non-dialectic minded viewers it is more often than not successful. The same may be said broadly of the full run of discussion shows on the air, ranging from the venerable cat-and-mouse game "Meet the Press" to the new "Washington Exclusive" (Dumont). None of these programs, whatever their purpose, real or rationalized, even pretends to a testing of truth by logical disputation. Lack of dialectic becomes a serious fault, however, in the new Martin Agronsky program, "At Issue," Sunday nights over ABC, a program of "discussion of some of the great issues of our time"—with a view, presumably, to the reflection of much-needed light and understanding.

Mr. Agronsky is a responsible newsman. His bias has always seemed to be unmistakably liberal. His first quarter-hour discussion was with Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, tangential to the recent J. B. Matthews article about Communist infiltration of the Protestant clergy. Archibald MacLeish, poet and former Librarian of Congress, was his second guest, on the subject of book burning. By the time this is in print he will have talked with Granville Hicks, former member of the Communist Party, about why some people become Communists and why they recant. On the first program Bishop Oxnam, who has been a target of anti-Communists, stoutly defended his own loyalty and that of Protestant ministers as a group. Mr. Agronsky was a friendly questioner; his only unloaded question was aimed at whether or not Bishop Oxnam believed he was upholding the cause of free speech by voluntarily appearing before the House Un-American Activities Committee. The Bishop thought he was.

The discussion with Mr. MacLeish seemed considerably more organized and brought forth the argument that "book burners" attacked, in truth, neither books nor their authors, but rather their readers, the people, and held, in effect, that our citizens were incapable of judging things for themselves. What the book burners implied, Mr. MacLeish went on to say, was that Communist ideas were "monstrously powerful and our own weak." As such, he declared, the book burners were effective pro-Communist propagandists and disloyal to the American concept of a free conscience and the dignity of the citizen. Toward the end of the program the newsman remarked that his guest's discussion tool was the poem, his own was the question. As in the Oxnam program, however, Mr. Agronsky's questions were mere generalized set-ups, not delicate and subtle instruments in the investigation of the truth of opinions, wherever it be they may lead.

are hardly comparable to leisurely hours in the market-place of ancient Athens, but the chosen time must meet the test of aspiration. MacLeish and Oxnam are voices on one side of a wilderness of controversy; the network clearly serves the public trust when it offers them an opportunity. Advocacy honestly identified and plain-spoken is a good thing. The public, theoretically, may listen to one side of the argument on Sunday, and the other on Monday. Week in, week out, it makes up its own mind—again theoretically. But even in a quarter-hour, Mr. Agronsky here has the occasion to do, *in extremis*, what is done nowhere else on the air—employ dialectic, play devil's advocate, speak the arguments the opposition would speak if it sat in his chair, probe all the points of controversy's compass.

SPEAKS Glaucon to Socrates in "The Republic" (Book II): "I will praise the unjust life to the utmost of my power, and my manner of speaking will indicate the manner in which I desire to hear you too praising justice and censuring injustice." Answers Socrates to Glaucon, further on: "There is something truly divine in being able to argue as you have done for the superiority of injustice, and remaining unconvinced by your own arguments." Only this is discussion in the real sense; the rest is wind-in-the-willows: worse, it makes not a single convert for any side. Study after study in the public-opinion field reveal that people in an argument hear what they want to hear, see what they wish to see. "Perception and attitude formation are heavily affected by the nature of the meanings, the frame of reference, the predispositions that individuals bring to a situation." This is how most people seem to make up their minds. Advocacy does not hold up the hands of reason; dialectic may.

"At Issue," if it adhered to such a discipline, would round out a worthy ABC hour-and-a-quarter of information and opinion Sunday nights on television. Immediately prior comes Gerald W. Johnson's crackling commentary on the news, aglow with a one-man dialectic of its own, of pure and satisfying design, and prior to that "All-Star News" recapitulates events of the week, sandwiches brief interpretive features, including a look at the arts and entertainment, and even reports late sports-flashes and scores. This is inventive competition for an opposition schedule heavily weighted with high-budget entertainment, but it needs a little more network support and encouragement.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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A "Così," Some Honegger, . . .

AIX-EN-PROVENCE.

YOU can get to Aix-en-Provence from Marseilles in three-quarters of an hour on an autobus, and in less than that by train. Either way, it won't cost you more than half a dollar, and that is one of the cheapest bridges from today to yesterday that even this changeable land provides. The big port by the Mediterranean shows a bustling sense of self-importance among a confusion of influences, new and old; the old capital inland wears its self-esteem quietly, and the new has been accepted on the terms of the old, and then grudgingly.

However, Aix is not at all ill-disposed to accept the role of host for one of the prominent musical festivals of Europe, and probably the most ambitious in France. Not only are the visitors made welcome: they stir among the Aixois the recollection that this was once a great capital itself, that it administers justice for the whole area of Bouches-du-Rhône, and that it is well, once in a while, for Paris to look to see what Aix is doing, rather than vice versa.

The sixth festival in a series begun in 1948 has been offering a wide variety of music ranging from Mozart's "Così fan tutte" to "Les amours de Ronsard" of Darius Milhaud (a local boy who has made *bon* to the advantage of such foreign parts as Aspen, Colorado). Festival versions of "Così" are almost as common as festivals these days, thanks to the persistent work of Fritz Busch and Carl Ebert in Glyndebourne. However, the local one has several points of special interest, including singers so well known to Americans as Renato Capecchi of the Metropolitan, Nan Merriman, Leopold Simoneau, and Teresa Stich-Randall. Also there is Graziella Sciutti, who is likely to become well known, to round out the cast. Marcello Cortis, of La Scala, sang Don Alfonso and literally engineered the whole train of events as stage director.

Each of these performances had its aspects of musical as well as dramatic attention. Capecchi, who has sung no Mozart at the Met, gave signs of lively promise with his stalwart, well-phrased Guglielmo; Miss Merriman, who has been away from opera in favor of concert singing for ten years or so, played her Dorabella brightly, sang the music with an affecting blend of intelligence and artistry and warm sound, while suggesting that the stage is a happy medium for her; Simoneau's Ferrando was a stylish, well-formed piece of work, and the youthful Sciutti has the figure and voice (also the intuitive disposition) to become an excellent Mozartian soubrette. Cortis did expertly a rather Italian-styled Alfonso, leaving Miss Stich-Randall as the weak element (for lack of sufficient dramatic power for the full scope of Fiordiligi) among the singers. Her sound was pure but small, the use of it rather tentative.

If all these qualities did not produce a better "Così," the fault would have to be with conductor Hans Rosbaud. His second try modified the rather deadly pace of the first, but it was still lacking in rhythmic definition or enlivening zest. Moreover, while Cortis's dramatic scheme was carefully if mostly conventionally contrived, Rosbaud did little to make an ensemble of his blendable voices, and Miss Stich-Randall often seemed to be leaning against Miss Merriman's finely drawn line rather than paralleling it with her own.

THAT small stage, incidentally, is a particular item of interest for those who make a hobby of collecting festivals. It sits at one end of the courtyard of the old palace of the archbishop of Provence, a building dating back in some parts to the fourth century. The stage is completely covered, and there is an adequate orchestra pit. Save for the lack of a roof, the spacious courtyard has been converted into a veritable theatre, with some 1,700 seats arranged in stalls, loges, and orchestra, with a spacious balcony through which a fine old tree thrusts leafy branches at one side. The walls of the courtyard complete the enclosure, so that there is a good resonating surface for the sound, also a welcome exposure to the evening sky when the heat of the day—which need not defer to Times Square or Texas—subsides.

In other courtyards, as rehearsals

etitions of "Il Barbiere" are still to come), the broad plan of the festival goes forward nightly. The accent is largely French, but neighboring Switzerland is remembered by the presence of Paul Sacher of Basle (Rosbaud, of Austrian origin, is now based in Zurich), who showed his familiar skill in contemporary music with the able orchestra of the Southwest German Radio (Baden-Baden). The selection blended the known qualities of Honegger's "Concerto da camera" and Stravinsky's "Dumbarton Oaks" Concerto with the unfamiliar "Romance du Comte Olinos" of Werner Egk. This is a high-flying bit of virtuosity written for Pierrette Alarie, who sang it with excellent control. She also undertook the Egk "Canzone," which her husband, Simoneau, was unable to prepare in time. Though written for tenor, it seemed suitable enough as heard. Perhaps this is the revealing fact about Egk's music; it is well made, but lacking the kind of individuality that arouses either strong enthusiasm or resistance. Also heard was the conventionally contemporary "Sinfonia giocosa" of Mihalovici.

In another courtyard, on another evening, the vigorous Ernest Bour honored Honegger again with the inclusion of his "Prelude, Arioso, and Fughetta on the Name of Bach" (1932) in a program otherwise consecrated to the patronym. Honegger's interesting anagram made a kind of brain-whetting preface to the good clean speech of the master, represented by the A minor Concerto for flute, violin, and keyboard, and the sixth and fourth "Brandebourgeois" Concerti. One listened to the flute playing of Kraft-Thorwald Dilloo and the violin playing of Heinz Stanske (both are members of the Baden-Baden Orchestra) with moderate interest; but Maria Bergmann made attention obligatory with her strongly rhythmic, impulsively musical delivery of the keyboard part on the piano.

If superlatives are not exhausted by the music-making heard thus far at Aix, it has to do neither with inappropriate programming, unsuitable facilities, or limitations of the performing personnel. All are at least adequate, and in many instances cited of the first class. What is lacking, however, is determined leadership, a pacemaker who will accelerate the generally easy-going tempo to something a little more dynamic. The presence a few evenings ago of Herbert von Karajan (on a visit) led to some interested speculation that perhaps he might be the man for the future. It would be a brighter future if there were such a man.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Continued from page 20

originally appeared in *The Saturday Review*.

Another that is particularly enlightening is devoted to a discussion of how scientists work. Though called "The Scientific Mind," he says that *there is no such thing!* There is "no more a scientific mind than there is a cobbler's mind, a farmer's mind, or a legal mind. On the other hand there is a scientific method of experimenting and of analyzing and interpreting phenomena. This method is learned by thousands of students each year and applied not only in the laboratory but in business. It takes nothing for granted. Beliefs and theories are not accepted unless they have been tested by experiment or observation.

"Whether or not the scientific method is applied correctly depends upon aptitudes which are inborn and on attitudes which are acquired through education and experience. Of these attitudes the most important is objectivity—the subjugation of prejudices, preferences, hopes, fears, emotions in general."

All told, Mr. Kaempffert has produced a book which will go far to show the layman many things that scientists are doing, and how they go about doing it.

Armchair Copernicus

HOW TO LOOK: "Insight Into Astronomy" (Lantern Press, $3.50), by Leo Mattersdorf, among other purposes, aims to coax the reader away from his easy chair and out into the night where he can stargaze for himself. It includes a guided tour of the constellations, complete with instructions for spotting the Scorpion, the Winged Horse, the Hunter, and other age-old star patterns. Leo Mattersdorf writes informally, with authority and with the assurance of a large and enthusiastic audience. He is president of the Amateur Astronomers Association, which over the years has been one of the most important organizations of celestial observation.

"Sun, Moon, and Planets" (Holt, $2.50) by Roy K. Marshall is a little book which, as the title indicates, concentrates mainly on our own solar system. Although the moon receives most of the attention, other planets also have satellites and Dr. Marshall—best known for his popular television science show "The Nature of Things"—devotes an interesting chapter to these relatively neglected bodies. He one of its closest approaches to the Earth, an astronomer at the Naval Observatory spent several nights unsuccessfully looking for the planet's satellites—and then decided to give up. But his wife wouldn't hear of it, scolded scope. Shortly afterwards, he discovered the two tiny moons of Mars. Dr. Marshall makes good use of historical anecdotes in his introduction to the solar system and skilfully avoids technical jargon. —JOHN PFEIFFER.

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Author of *One Day on Beetle Rock* and *One Day at Teton Marsh*

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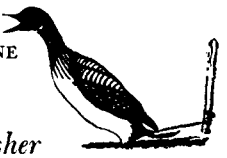

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ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

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Continued from page 18

up an intended marriage—something which nearly drove him mad. Finally he achieved some measure of peace by threatening to offer public corroboration of the stories of her all-night sessions with Henry Ward. Here is a picture of festering hatreds, daubed from a palette of truth and fiction, but somehow there is no element of attractiveness to provide a balance.

The Napoleonic era has been a godsend to historical fiction writers, and Edward Grierson's latest, **"The Hastening Wind"** (Alfred A. Knopf, $4), takes the reader for a gay romp through this well-worn field. We are there when Charles de Bellac secretly lands on the coast of France, entrusted with the delicate mission of asking Napoleon to kindly step down and permit the émigrés to restore the monarchy. Charles is caught in a net of plotters, whose aim is more violent than his own; boudoir and sword duels are plentiful; we get flashes of Napoleon's famous tantrums, insights into the workings of Fouché's secret police, and meet Talleyrand. All this is handled with color and competence.

Once in a long while in the array of historical fiction there is one work that can be labeled top-drawer material like Bernard Deleuze's **"The Vengeance of Don Manuel,"** (G. P. Putnam, $3.50), which won the French Prix de Lecteurs. In this translation by Norman Cameron, the sturdy stylistic vigor of this novel reminds one of Tom Lea at his best. M. Deleuze's bold strokes bring alive the Chile of 1811 with its frightened nobility, disgruntled peasants, vengeful revolutionaries, and the brutal Spanish dragoons garrisoned in the colonial town of La Mariquita. From boyhood Don Manuel de Aldana was regarded as an ugly duckling and he fought bitterly to gain the respect of his disdainful family. When the notorious Colonel Zarate razed the Aldan hacienda, Manuel was charged with avenging the death of his father and brothers. Only after the grueling task was accomplished did Manuel learn that his father was not entirely innocent; and in retrospect, the whole family history gains tragic stature. The involuted psychology of the characters of this forceful historical novel stands out as clearly as do the period details.

In quite another vein is James Wellard's **"Night in Babylon"** (St. Martin's Press, $2.75). Pitched into the future, Mr. Wellard's scene is the France of 1956, which is being occupied by the Russians. Like any occupation, this one gives people an opportunity to descend to the lowest form of behavior. The plot is routine, but the political discussions are sharp, representing the current ideological battles between the East and West.

These six representative samples of suggest that writers in the genre are keenly aware of the fact that today's reader seeks information as well as entertainment. But being aware of that fact and preparing a successful blend are two different matters.

Springtime of Rebellion

Hubert Creekmore's "The Chain in the Heart" *(Random House. 401 pp. $3.75) is a young Mississippi novelist's chronicle of the progress of a Negro family through three generations.*

By Harrison Smith

HUBERT CREEKMORE, born in Mississippi, is a novelist and a poet whose name can now be added to the list of able writers who are trying to illuminate the torturous climb of the colored race out of bondage. His latest book, "The Chain in the Heart," is not a tract on racial discrimination, though the author is obviously carrying a torch, but an honest and absorbing story of three generations of a Negro family born in tumbledown shacks not far from the black earth of the Mississippi delta. Both white and black are inescapably linked to each other by custom, fear, and necessity. The question Mr. Creekmore asks is whether either race can ever wholly escape the other; at the end, thirty-five years after the novel begins, a colored girl who has graduated from a Southern Negro college says to the uncertain young man with whom she is in love, "The white people are the slaves now—the real slaves, inside, in their feeling. Not us. The slaves of their superstition, their greed, their politicians, and cheap newspapers. They don't know how to get free, maybe they never will."

No colored girl could have imagined that at the time when the grandparents of Taffy George Murchison, known as T. G., and his relatives lived in Possum Hollow only one generation away from slavery. They were then under the patronage of a white landowner, and in a way safer from brutality than their grandchildren. But even at that time there was the faint hope of escape. Taffy's Aunt Cora, who was known to be immoral and could sing like a lark, went North, and there was a family legend that she was on the stage and had become famous. Lincoln, the son of Aunt Lucy, had taken the same road, but he came back after he had failed in his examinations for a law course and had lost his benefactor.

At the beginning of the Depression the Murchisons moved to Jackson, and George, T. G.'s father, worked for a time in the railroad shop. There was a prolonged strike, and brutal thugs came from the North to end it. Only the women of the family kept George out of trouble. All they wanted were "toilets, a good job for their men, and a hospital for Negroes."

It was young T. G. who brought them some hope of escape. On graduation day he lost his head, forgot his carefully rehearsed speech, and broke into an eloquent tirade that came from his heart. He said loudly, "They pretend we're savages, to be feared, that we have no sense of morale, that we lust for white women. They know it's not true. They pretend it just to keep us from getting their jobs, their money, their suffrage, their power . . . They pretend to give us justice," he shouted over the growing disorder, "but they know that it breeds rebellion in us and that the rebellion they breed will prove their pretenses are truths." It was quite a speech for a colored youth to make in the year 1935. It finally sent him into exile in Chicago with his girl, and there the author leaves him.

It is obvious that Mr. Creekmore sees both sides of the color problem, but his emotions, his hatred of injustice and discrimination, occasionally rise to the surface and submerge any attempt he has made to balance one side against the other. "The Chain in the Heart" is a downright accusation against hypocrisy and a strong protest against a privileged majority constantly undermining the growing resolution and hope of one-tenth of the population of the country. It is a persuasive and powerful book.

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Flikk Flakk in Flåm

FLAM, NORWAY.

ALTHOUGH the shop windows in Oslo display such temptations as Flikk Flakk, Topp Corn, and other pasteboard delights patterned after the American breakfast table, the Norwegian eye-opener which the traveler is more likely to run upon may be quite another thing. Hotels here, inhabited in summer by persons of a dozen languages each possessed of different morning eating habits, national or individual, have gotten into the habit of spreading one immense buffet table and the hell with it. The other morning—it was in Stavanger—I decided to take a casual sort of inventory of the breakfast table, and found it was loaded, in addition to a sawdust pile of Flikk Flakk and Topp Corn, with six varieties of herring, thirteen kinds of bread, one fresh ham, two ominous wursts, a salami, a cornerstone of liver paste, chicken salad, pickled beets, a whole roast beef, and five kinds of cheese, of which gammelost (old) and gjeitost (goat) must be mentioned because there is no getting away from them.

It is sufficient to say that if any tourist sets out for the sights of town unbolstered it is only because he doesn't like herring, or else the gammelost proved a little too formidable to get close to. Norwegians are used to packing away this manner of fortification early in the day (usually embellishing it with a boiled egg) because they don't expect to see real food again until dinner time, which comes between 4:30 and 5:30 in the afternoon. Office workers frequently start operations at 8:30 A.M., nibble on biscuits and tea at noon, then work straight through to quitting time at half past three. Most stores are shut by four, and in any city outside Oslo a man would be hard put to buy a package of cigarettes once the hour of nine has struck.

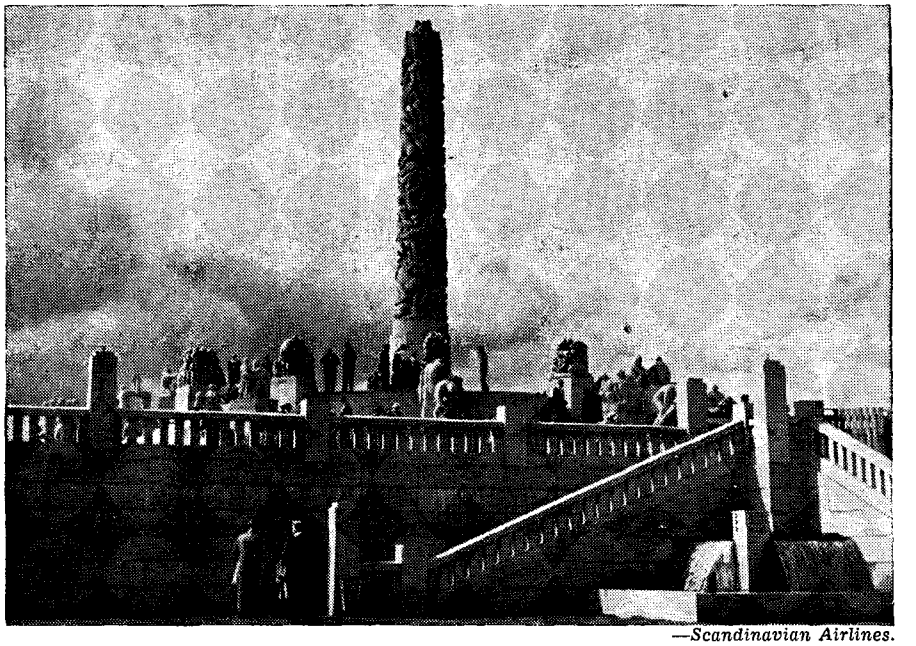
Oslo, however, has a welter of open-air establishments festooned with lights and decorated with geraniums, and these are gay and bubbly sometimes as late as 11 P.M. To get Oslo all in one view, one might journey up to the Frognersoeteren Hovedrestaurant, with a view of the twinkling lights of town and in the foreground a collection of rural Norwegian farm houses with grass growing on their roofs. The Frognersoeteren is an equal favorite in winter, especially since it is near the Holmenkollen, a ski jump which is used only one day a year. A magnificent concrete structure, the jump is flanked with grandstands that will hold 10,000, but on the first Sunday in March, the day set aside for its use, 100,000 Norsemen jam into the open snowfields to watch the skiers fly through the winter air. Other fortunates can view the proceedings from a new restaurant which has been built under the lip of the jump, facing the landing area.

The one-day-a-year ruling is in force so that Oslo jumpers may not be endowed with frequent practice on the run. Norwegians are infinitely adept at ski jumping despite these precautions, their most pressing Scandinavian competition coming from the Swedes and the Finns, the least pressure from the Danes. It doesn't snow very much in Denmark. During one competition the Norwegians jumped, the Swedes jumped, and the judges sat awaiting the Danish effort. "But our team *has* jumped," the Danes insisted with indignity. "Oh," the judges are said to have said, "we thought that was someone being thrown out of the new restaurant."

Norwegians like to note that their exports are wood pulp, Christmas trees, and three tons of snow sent to Denmark each year in a large railway car.

Those who would prefer to stay in downtown Oslo to sop up the urban atmosphere I would direct to Skansen's, which has an expensive terrace restaurant and, just below, a beer garden that seats 3,400 in a tremendous expanse of trees and lighted globes alongside the harbor. Here the Norsemen and the no-nods from the other world gather to drink beer and Linje, a special brand of aquavit which the Norwegians send down to the Line or Equator in the holds of ships, on the premise that the heat and the swishing has a tonic effect on the alcohol. With or without a belt of Linje, the view from Skansen, which gives out on a statue of Franklin Roosevelt surveying the waterfront, would prove a delight to almost anyone but Bertie McCormick. Big ships line the quays, and in these fine months there are always the Papa Boats puffing back and forth between Oslo and the fjords, where most of the local fathers live with their families during the short summer.

OTHER seafaring Vikings, who in other years sailed far beyond the fjords, are commemorated in a handy suburb called Bygdones where ancient Norse craft of the tenth century, the polar ship *Fram,* and the *Kon-Tiki* raft are all on display. The Viking ships, discovered in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, are about sixty feet long, and have been restored to their original graceful lines. The *Fram,* which sits in a great hall all its own, was built for Nansen, who went north to the polar regions from 1893 to 1896, was used by Otto Sverdrup who followed him in 1898 and 1902, and later took Roald Amundsen to the South Pole in 1910-1912. The staterooms occupied by



—*Scandinavian Airlines.*

Frogner Park, Oslo, with the fifty-foot Vigeland monolith.

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A Sthring From An Irish Harp

By Thurman Price

'TIS A WOEFUL THING to hear an Irish story told by an amateur—worse to try and capture *in writing* the delicate pluck which the Irish give to the English tongue. They strum that tongue with subtlety 'til it is no longer just English—it's an Irish harp.

LISTEN, for instance, to that old master, Sean O' Casey, one of whose characters says: "*Looking deeply into things, we're a wonderful lot. We've worn ourselves away doing things for others.* Looka John of Ireland who busied himself helping the English king, Alfred, to lay the foundations of Oxford University, with the king saying at every tick of the clock, 'You're a sound man, Jack, you're a great help, staying here for years to give us English our first taste of geometry and asthronomy, and leading us into admiration for the learning of the time.'

"TO THIS DAY, you can see the handsome, intellectual gob of Scholar John, carved in the best of stone, solid stone, mind you, perched over one of the enthrances of Brazen Nose College, Oxford.

"LET THE SCOFFING WORLD REMEMBER, too, that Feargus, the great scholar and friend of Irish John, told all he met, 700 years before Galileo was born, that our earth was round as an apple, that it had many lands, with people living in them hidden from sight on the other side of it, so irritating the then Pope, Zachary, that he hunted him outa sight as a heretic, to seek a shelter among the wind-torn thorn trees of Galway and Mayo, that carried the mayblossom on them, that O'Manrahan blessed. He called down a blessing on the blossom of May, because it comes in beauty, and in beauty blows away."

Pan American, the round-the-world airline which now flies to 83 countries and colonies, dips its wings to Feargus . . . and points out that Clippers* now fly to the Emerald Isle *every day* from New York, Boston and Philadelphia. It's as little as $246 from New York to Shannon by Clipper.

*Trade-Mark. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

these explorers are marked, some contain equipment used by them, and there is still on hand a box marked "Horlick's Malted Milk, Racine, Wis., USA, put up expressly for Capt. Amundsen, Lincoln Ellsworth North Pole Expedition 1926."

As for *Kon-Tiki*, if there is a man or boy in the house who has escaped the newspaper dispatches, the magazine articles, the books, or the subsequent film, I will merely recount for these recluses that it was a balsa raft in which Mr. Thor Heyerdahl, a Norwegian, set out to prove a theory that the Polynesian islands could have been settled by natives from Peru. *Kon-Tiki* was set adrift outside Callao on April 28, 1947, and 101 days later, after a number of hair-raising adventures and an interminable diet of fish, the raft and all hands washed up on the Raroia reef near Tahiti.

Norwegian excursions into the realm of art have been no less dauntless. Frogner Park is a vast alfresco exhibition of sculptor Gustav Vigeland, who worked with unrelenting vigor and singleness of purpose for more than thirty years. The results of this dedication are displayed in the park, commencing with monumental wrought-iron gates, proceeding over a bridge flanked with fifty-seven bronze groups, continuing to a fountain encircled by hordes of nude children both bronze and human. The main concourse will take the stroller to The Monolith, an obelisk fifty-six-feet high carved with 121 figures hopelessly entangled in a mad scramble to reach the top. Surrounding it are thirty-six immense granite groups which were designed to represent emotions and situations from daily life. While I am chary of dispensing with so monumental a life's work as Gustav Vigeland's, the sheer volume is enough to glut the artistic sensibilities of the casual tripper. There is so much that an appreciation of individual pieces is difficult and an assessment of the whole not often favorable.

NATURE'S effort to please man's eye comes off rather better. The fjords that have made a fringe of the western shoreline inspire a succession of gasps that could only otherwise be produced by a massage in the solar plexus by Rocky Marciano. Fjords are sort of salty rivers which run between high canyons a hundred miles or more from the sea where they belong. Or to put it another way, a fjord is a displaced stream of sea water that doesn't know enough to come in out of the terrain. Norwegians make a rather good thing out of the fjords, taking thousands of sardines out of them every year and bringing thousands of tourists in. This exchange is of vastly greater benefit to the tourists, for the fish are packed like sardines and shipped off around the world. As for the tourist there is a fine network of comfortable hotels in the fjord country and a number of altogether pleasant ways of getting there.

Those heading fjordward from Oslo can take the Oslo-Bergen Railway, which must be classed as one of the world's most scenic runs. Things begin serenely enough, with the train rollicking through soft timber and lake land, boats skimming over the glass-topped water, cottages waiting quietly in the pines. There is no diner aboard, but as if by apology a corps of hucksters maintains a continuous procession, first with box lunches of fried chicken for the important eaters, then—for the nibblers—sandwiches, cakes, followed by soda pop and ice cream. The trip becomes a ball game, a circus, with the action going on outside the window. One watches and one eats, the menu ending with a bravura finish—hot dogs. They are served Scandinavian-style, three of them to one portion, each nearly a foot long accompanied by one lone roll three inches long. To wed one Scandinavian frankfurter to one Scandinavian roll the way Americans do makes a ridiculous picture reminiscent perhaps of

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the way one must look sleeping under one of those frustrating, unhinged Norwegian comforters. You pull it up and you bare your feet, you cover your feet and you bare your chest, and in any case it is only a matter of moments before the thing has slipped to the floor.

The muser and the muncher will be snapped back to reality by the sudden change in the countryside. The cottages and the pines have disappeared back below the timber line which we have crossed. Now the softness has become barren rugged rock. Snow hangs from the mountainsides mocking July, and midsummer ice floats in mountain lakes. Tunnels and snow screens make a one-eyed patch of the view, revealing in fleeting glimpses the roaring rivers, tremendous chasms, and waterfalls spilling down from frost only just melted.

THE train goes on to Bergen, but if you get off at Myrdal (elev. 2,900 feet) you can ride the new spur line in fifty-three minutes to Flåm (elev. six feet). The Flåm Line is twelve miles long, cost $350 per yard of track, crosses waterfalls, and at one point is forced to make a complete loop inside a mountain. It was all but built in 1940 when the Germans came in, and since Flåm is a gateway to the sea the Germans rushed to finish it. Before 1940 tourists were brought in by high-wheeled carts pulled by stunted fjord horses. They stayed at the Fretheim Hotel, a kindly white frame inn that was first opened in 1870 for salmon fishing. A double room with bath still costs only $3.50 a day at the Fretheim, plus one crown (fourteen cents) if you are just an overnighter. Goat cheese, ham, tongue, and porridge make a sixty-cent breakfast; dinner (sliced reindeer meat) is $1.25.

After the crashing, violent railway trip down the mountain from Myrdal, Flåm is a sudden enclave of serenity, sitting there at the edge of its waterfront with the hulking canyon walls all around. On the day we arrived the British training warship *Devonshire* made an unbelievable sight sitting at the head of the fjord, 800 yards from the hotel and 110 miles from the sea. You looked up and you saw the great green walls, water spilling down from a leaky crevice. You looked down and you saw the old white inn, and the smell of the jasmine from the gardens made you dizzy, like you were in church on Easter Sunday. And like the cry of a child in some back pew came the squeals of the village girls who stood on the wharves giggling with the English sailors. The shrill notes caromed off the high green walls and went running down the fjord, out to sea. —HORACE SUTTON.

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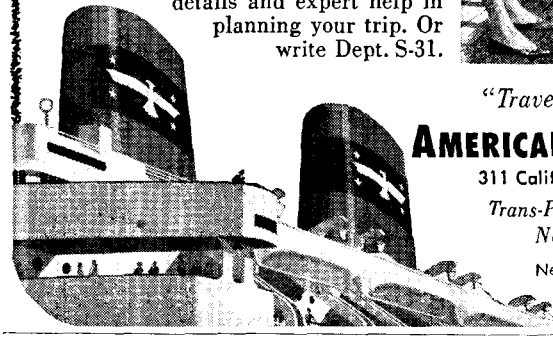

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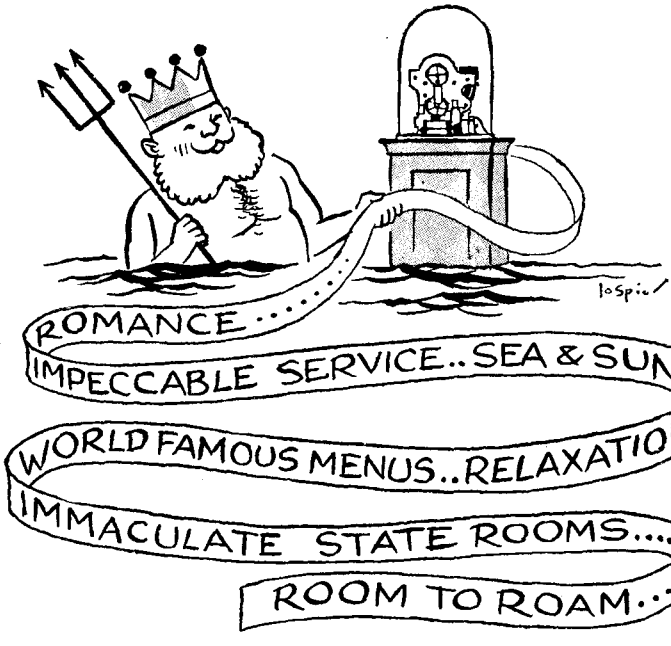

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The Awakening East

Continued from page 15

Indians can hope to emulate the industrial progress of the Soviets—all these underline this emphasis on practical politics. It leads also to a gnawing fear of political entanglement with Americans bearing gifts. And the idea of a "loyal opposition" in the new states is almost heresy, for has not all authority in Asia sprung from divinity or from superior force?

Conferences such as this one are of incalculable value: they cut through vague slogans to the heart of the new nationalisms. This record of one of our notable attempts to think internationally makes very encouraging reading. —JOHN TRUEMAN.

CASTE IN CEYLON: Visitors to Ceylon have often felt that, however great might be the influence of India upon the society of that country, caste was one of the things which Ceylon had not imported from her great neighbor to the north. Was this because the Sinhalese population was predominantly Buddhist, or because European influence was proportionately greater in the small island?

Professor Bryce Ryan, an American sociologist who taught at the University of Ceylon in 1948, has written a detailed study of **"Caste in Modern Ceylon"** (Rutgers University Press, $6) which reveals the place of the caste hierarchy in the various types of communities in Ceylon today. He finds that while Ceylon is in a period of transition, moving toward a total reorientation of institutions, nevertheless "the disintegrative processes proceed slowly, and . . . in many localities and in many spheres of behavior caste superiority or inferiority is a significant social fact." In the city of Colombo, and in general throughout the narrow areas where the people have had direct or indirect contact with commerce and urban life, caste hierarchy has come to have less and less meaning. But even in these areas endogamy is still the rule, and castes continue as structural entities in society.

Professor Ryan's book, though of probable interest to only a small group of scholars, is a worthy contribution to the growing fund of American research on South Asia.

—WILLIAM C. CLIFFORD.

GANDHI'S DISTAFF SIDE: The Mahatma's story has seldom, if ever, been told more movingly than in **"The Women in Gandhi's Life"** (Dodd, Mead, $4). To this review of modern history's most dedicated career, Eleanor Morton has brought little in the way of new information.

Quite aside from their contribution to Gandhi's success, Annie Besant, Olive Shreiner, and Muriel Lester were well-known women. Vivaya Lakshmi Pandit, Sarojini Naidu, and other strong Indian leaders put brilliant minds and crusaders' hearts into Gandhi-led causes. Madeleine Slade had neither life nor will apart from the Mahatma. That is what he had wished for Katsurba, the child bride whose unquenchable spirit irradiates this story. Her life was penance; thanks to Gandhi's harshness, even her beloved eldest son became a source of unhappiness. For her husband's sake she died a martyr's death, but he never succeeded in fully possessing her will. —ANN F. WOLFE.

ASIAN RICE BOWL: Since 1945 eight Asian nations totaling six hundred million in population have attained independence. Six of them are in Southeast Asia, an area daily in the headlines as Soviet imperialism stalks on. Thus the publication of **"Southeast Asia in the Coming World"** (Johns Hopkins Press, $4.75) could not be more timely. Dean Philip W. Thayer of the School of Advanced International Studies of Johns Hopkins has edited this collection of twenty-two papers produced last summer at a conference in Washington of Government, business, and university leaders.

In Asia emphasis on the American standard of living is simply irrelevant. The 1949 average family income in Southeast Asia was exactly fifty-five dollars. This is only one phase of the problem. The ten million hard-working Chinese who live in this area are an unpredictable political factor. As Communist pressure increases from the north in an attempt to cut off the rice supply of Japan and India—two-thirds of the world's exportable rice comes from Southeast Asia—the Korean and Indo-Chinese wars merge. In the words of Carlos Romulo, Southeast Asia has become for our time "the last remaining roadblock to Soviet hegemony in the whole of Asia."

—J. T.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Far from the Madding Crowd," by Thomas Hardy. 2. "Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen. 3. "Casabianca," by Felicia D. Hemans. 4. "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Bronte. 5. "Rebecca," by Daphne du Maurier. 6. "A Dissertation Upon Roast Pig," by Charles Lamb. 7. "Forever Amber," by Kathleen Winsor. 8. "Adrift in a Boneyard," by Robert Lewis Taylor. 9. "The Easter Party," by V. Sackville-West. 10. "You Can't Go Home Again," by Thomas Wolfe.

Good News

▶ On March 16 ten members of the House of Representatives introduced the Library Services Bill, designed to stimulate local and state interest in improving and extending library service to rural areas now without such services or with inadequate services. Twelve identical bills that would provide Federal assistance to libraries for five years have now been introduced. Under the provisions of the bill each state's library agency would have complete authority in developing a plan for the use of the money allotted, in executing the plan, and in the selection of books and staff.

Dr. Robert Downs, president of the American Library Association, which has long supported this legislation, says: "Introduction of the Library Services Bill in the Eighty-third Congress under the sponsorship of a distinguished group of Representatives is heartening news for librarians. Favorable action by the Congress will result in a vast improvement in library facilities throughout the country, helping to encourage a wider distribution of books and creating a better informed and more literate people."

▶ Enlisted men of the Fifth Regimental Combat Team in Korea have raised among themselves $18,000 to found the Han River Boy's Town for Korean War Orphans on an island in the Han River, twelve miles from Seoul. It will be a memorial to their comrades lost in the fighting, and will be administered by the Seoul YMCA.

▶ In Chicago, Ill., Mrs. Galeta Kaar, principal of the Peabody Elementary School, has been announced as the winner of the "Good Government Award." Ten years ago, when Mrs. Kaar took over the principalship, the school had no gymnasium, no decent schoolyard, no lunchroom, no assembly hall, no P-TA; and staff morale was at a minimum. Today almost all of the above have been provided, enrolment has almost doubled, teachers no longer request immediate transfers, there is a strong P-TA group, there is no such thing as truancy, and Peabody has a fine orchestra bought with funds raised by parents.

—DONALD HARRINGTON.

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The Last Edwardian

Continued from page 21

or at any rate polemical—books, an introduction to economics, and political tracts. Above all, he wrote history. He was not a great, often he was not even a good, historian. He never had the time to settle down to the solid, dull, necessary labors of the historian. It was not his fault, he thought. He had had a brilliant career at Oxford and had been a candidate for a fellowship at All Souls, that odd college without students that elects brilliant young men for seven years and thus gives them a start in the world. It did not elect Belloc. So years later when he met, for the first time, T. F. Tout, one of the few academic historians whom he admired, he greeted him with "What fool did they elect to All Souls in your year?" But all of Belloc's historical writing is full of energy and of originality, and some of his writing on the French Revolution is as good as Carlyle (whom Belloc admired). He felt the Revolution; the Year One; Lazare Carnot lying on his belly studying the maps spread out on the floor in the Orangerie and directing the twenty-two armies of the Republic. These books were written to a rhythm, to the tune of "Sambre et Meuse." His book on Paris is still one of the best introductions to the city, and admirably as he wrote of the Sussex he grew up in, he wrote equally well of the Paris where he was born. For he was the fruit of a marriage as romantic as that of the Brownings: his maternal ancestor was the great chemist Joseph Priestley; his paternal ancestry, French painters and Irish soldiers. That story was admirably told by his sister, Marie Belloc-Lowndes. Horsham and La Celle-Saint-Cloud. But also the Oratory School under Newman and Balliol College, Oxford. There were few more loyal Oxford men, and he celebrated "the sacred town" as well as Newman or Matthew Arnold or Max Beerbohm. But Oxford, which found time to give an honorary degree to Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, not an alumnus, never found time to give one to Belloc. Balliol, which he celebrated with an effusiveness not usual in sons of that ancient house, never made him an honorary fellow. Other and lesser men received the Order of Merit. The half French rebel was left outside.

And he was a real poet. Not a poet in the modern fashionable mode. His metrics, his vocabulary, his themes were classical or romantic in the old sense. He and Mr. Eliot had many ideas in common. Each became a disciple of Charles Maurras (with unfortunate effects in Belloc's case). Belloc could not have written, and would not have written either, "The Waste Land" or "The Dry Salvages," but Mr. Eliot could not have written "Do You Remember an Inn, Miranda?" or "Lady on thy lovely head." And Belloc wrote a classic that is of the kind most certain of immortality, a children's classic, "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts."

He had once written that all that we can hope to get from this life is "laughter and the love of friends." He had that. The thrust-out jaw, the slight lisp in private speech, the dominating public voice that made him a famous President of the Oxford Union and a powerful speaker in his brief spell in Parliament; they will not be seen or heard again. But despite his doubts, he will be read.

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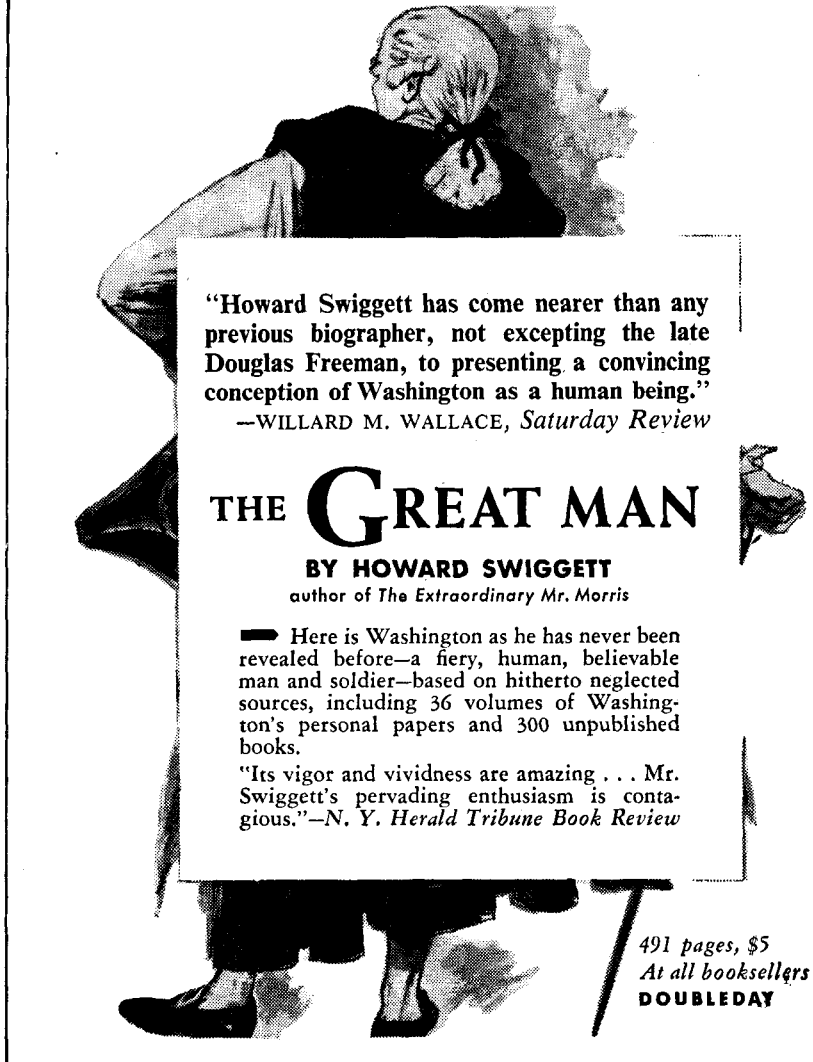
* Somewhat condensed, to get the necessary acrostic letters.



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Movie-Making Mother

CRAWLEY FILMS has come to be known as Canada's leading commercial producer of sponsored and educational movies, with many successes to their credit. It is unrivalled throughout the world for its films on child development, in which the Crawley children usually take leading roles and their mother, Judith Crawley, acts as writer-director. If you've seen any of the films ("Know Your Baby," "Why Won't Tommy Eat?" etc.) you may already be familiar with the elder daughter, Michal (who according to my tabulations should be about thirteen now); Patrick, ten; Roddy, six; Sandy, five; and Jennifer, two years old. All except Jennifer have had starring roles in their mother's movies, and even she has appeared in some filmstrips.

When Judith Sparks married "Budge" Crawley in 1938 he was a chartered accountant in his father's firm in Canada. For his twenty-first birthday he had been given a movie camera to help him study and improve his swimming strokes. He and Judith became interested in taking pictures of all kinds, and by the time they were married motion-picture photography was their favorite hobby. They took the camera along with them on their honeymoon to historic Isle d'Orléans in Quebec, and the resulting film won them a first prize in an international competition for amateurs. Gradually the Crawleys devoted more and more time to film-making until finally Budge took it on as a full-time occupation. Today Crawley Films, with offices in Ottawa, Toronto, and Montreal, has over 380 films to its credit, and has a staff of sixty people. Judith Crawley specializes in films about children—her own and everyone elses.

Judith Crawley's first film about child care was produced in 1947 for the National Film Board of Canada—"Know Your Baby," starring Roddy as an infant. The film tried to help young mothers understand their baby's needs. It gave tips on breast and bottle feeding, sleep, clothes, bed covers, even burping the baby. It was full of practical suggestions, but its greater value was in its accent on the emotional ties between mother and infant and the ways in which these ties might be strengthened. The film has been enormously popular in Canada and in the United States, and to all appearances it will continue to be shown to mothers, parent-teacher groups, and college students for many years to come.

"Why Won't Tommy Eat?" was the next film, produced in 1948. It delved into the baffling problems behind the child who dabbles with his food and doesn't enjoy eating in a wholesome way. Again the Crawley touch did not stop merely at showing what is wrong; the film went on to give practical easy-to-understand suggestions about how a mother can correct bad eating habits by applying a few simple rules to the child and to herself. For this film Patrick Crawley played a leading role, and under his mother's direction he did all the annoying things a child can do at the table.

By this time the Crawley children were quite at home before the camera. Next came a series entitled Ages and Stages, of which the following films have been completed and released: "He Acts His Age" (13 min., color), "The Terrible Twos and the Trusting Threes" (20 min., color), and now "The Frustrating Fours and the Fascinating Five." Roddy is a major performer in each of them. As he grows Mrs. Crawley gets material for a new film. All these films have been made available in Canada, with both English and French commentaries, and are also widely distributed in the United States.

Because of her outstanding success in directing young children before the movie camera, Mrs. Crawley was more recently assigned to write and direct two series of films for McGraw-Hill Text-Films. The first series, Child Development, is based on the textbook of that name by the child psychologist Dr. Elizabeth Hurlock. The second series, reviewed on page 37, deals with problems of adolescence.

Judith Crawley says that she tries to stress the normal development of children rather than the abnormal. She doesn't bother about "techniques" in caring for the child because, as she says, each child and each parent and home has its own special characteristics. But she can show how children grow and act at the various complex stages of their development, and her purpose is to help parents enjoy their children and their parenthood. For each film she has the technical advice of professional medical and child-care specialists.

With her youngest child, Jennifer, Mrs. Crawley has again had the opportunity to put her own maternal skills to use. Describing herself as a typical doting mother, she says Jennifer is "a completely model child." And she adds reflectively, "I don't know whether it's just the frequent repetition of caring for babies or whether it's the result of all the research and work that has gone into the films, but somehow I very much more enjoy looking after the last several infants than I did looking after the first."

Mrs. Crawley says any mother can learn to understand her baby, even her first baby, by reading the right books and seeing the right films. "I don't mean the books and films that tell you how much formula the baby should eat at how many weeks, and so on. I mean the ones that give you an understanding of the real reasons why some babies have to eat more than others, that make you really feel your baby is a human being with feelings and emotions that respond to whatever you do. That kind of understanding takes all the annoyance out of the 2 A.M. feeding, for example."

THIS doesn't mean that there are no crises in the Crawley household. But the crises are usually short-lived, and Judith feels that they haven't gotten her down the way they would if she were not so interested in the children's over-all development as well as their day-to-day behavior. Even the children themselves, particularly the older ones, seem to understand themselves better and tolerate each other in a more friendly way as a result of their film-acting experiences.

In making films Mrs. Crawley has all the problems of a Hollywood director in getting just the right expression and the right reaction at the proper moment. (Most of her films are carefully written in advance, and must be directed exactly according to prepared scripts.) After the age of about two, Mrs. Crawley finds, children are usually extremely conscious of the camera and crew and are inclined to show off when it's their turn to act. It takes a lot of skill to get them to act normally—skill and sometimes skulduggery. In shooting "Children's Emotions," one of the Child Development series, the problem was to show Sandy angry and miserable because he was being made to sit on the toilet when he didn't want to. But far from being angry or even unhappy, he was delighted to be the center of attraction with half a dozen adults standing around talking to him, and great machines and lights all over the place.

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ne was in seventh heaven. It took [illegible] skulduggery for his mother to make [illegible] him sit there for half an hour, letting [illegible] his office boy on and just out of [illegible] range with a big bag of [illegible] scent and nothing [illegible] for [illegible] having. I bought [illegible] my [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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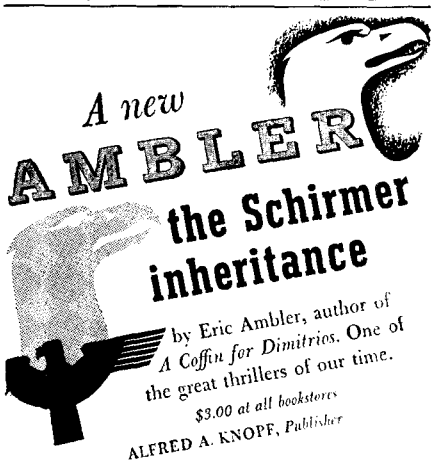

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many of their friends and schoolmates appear in the Crawley films. None are professional actors. Acting in the films hasn't created any special problems about schooling, since shooting can usually be arranged for their free hours after school, Saturdays, and vacation times. How does it affect them to be part of a busy movie family? "We'll have to wait until they grow up," says their mother, "until they can say what they really think of their film work and their film-making parents." —CECILE STARR

16 mm. News

AWARDS: The recently announced Fifth Annual Canadian Film Awards included "Shyness" [*SR* June 13], first in the non-theatrical government class; "Immediate Action" (produced by Crawley Films for the Toronto Stock Exchange), first in the non-theatrical non-government class; "Angotee" (see below), first in the non-theatrical open class. In all, twenty-eight awards were made, with honorable mentions going to such diverse productions as "The Son," McLaren's "Phantasy" and "Neighbours," and Crawley's "Birds That Eat." The Canadian Film-of-the-Year, and also winner in the theatrical feature-length division, was "Tit-Coq," a 104-minute production in French, written, produced, co-directed, and acted by Gratien Gélinas.

PUBLICATION: "Pictures With a Purpose" (72 pp.), written by J. Roby Kidd, tells the unique success story of non-theatrical film distribution and exhibition in Canada during the past fourteen years. The booklet was published under a grant from the Fund for Adult Education, and copies are available at 75¢ each from the Canadian Association for Adult Education, 143 Bloor Street West, Toronto, Canada.

NEW FILMS: Among recent and noteworthy Canadian films are the following National Film Board Productions, now available in the U. S.:

"The Son" (28 min.), in which a farmer's son gets an urge to move to the city, thinks back over the advantages of rural upbringing and family life, and reaches an understanding with his old-fashioned father about carrying on at the farm. A lovely yet unidealized picture of rural life, apt to be of equal interest to those who are familiar with the problems and to those who are not. Distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Wilmette, Illinois.

"Varley" (16 min., color), the film story of a seventy-year-old Canadian painter and his works, neither very well known in the States. The production is outstanding for its many fine camera effects, despite deficiencies in the color, and for its exemplary structure and sensitivity. Distributed by the National Film Board of Canada, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y.

"Angotee" (32 min., color or black-and-white), a study of an Eskimo from birth to marriage, using a little of the footage from "Land of the Long Day" [*SR* June 13], but considerably more adult, detailed, and anthropological. Excellent photography by Jean Roy; outstanding writing and direction by Douglas Wilkinson. Distributed by the National Film Board of Canada, see above. —C. S.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE YEAR *David C. Cooke, editor* (Dutton: $2.95)	Dozen yarns; various lengths, patterns, locales; units previously serialized.	Not all involve detection; accent on ingenuity; success ratio varies.	Uneven collection
DEAD: SENATE OFFICE BUILDING *Margaret Scherf* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Solon turns up beyond hope of reëlection; Milo McDevitt, NY trucker, makes DC trip.	Spoofing laid on too thick; odd characters numerous.	She has beaten this
THE WENCH IS DEAD *Ruth Fenisong* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Long Island high life tizzied by murder; Detective Nelson et ux, explore past, present.	Long on speech, short on action; love interest threads through yarn.	No blue ribbon
THE MASK OF FU MANCHU *Sax Rohmer* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Cairo is HQ of elaborate Near East revolt plot; doughty Britons turn tide.	Fourth in 25th Anniversary Crime Club Classics revival (this one born 1932).	Old hat, but it fits

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Continued from page 10

serve the same purpose with regard to the "practical" revolutionist who uses the vocabulary of the author of **"Das Kapital"** as a stepping stone to the ranks of the privileged.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH: Placing art above everything else, the well-known critic objects to Utopia because it would eliminate the element of tragedy and conflict—the basis of all great art. He forgot to look at the Russian "Utopia," where all great art has been practically eliminated even though the elements of tragedy and conflict, so dear to him, have been multiplied a hundredfold.

D. H. LAWRENCE: A bookseller's catalogue listed **"Lady Chatterley's Lover"** with the notation "Unexpurgated, except for the obscene passages." Similarly one may speak about the present system of Russia as the realization of the equalitarian and libertarian ideal of human happiness, except for the incessantly growing inequality of incomes and the complete absence of political liberty.

GUSTAVE LE BON: "Reason," says the French sociologist and psychologist, "creates science; sentiments and creeds shape history." It is different in New Russia. There sentiments, creeds, and expediency create science as well.

JULES LEMAÎTRE: "It is the secret wish of every man," said the famous French critic in **"En Marge des Vieux Livres,"** "that all others should be at the same time inferior and similar to him." Written at a time when both Lenin and Mussolini were still very young and obscure would-be Robespierres and Caesars, these words gave in a nutshell the psychology of totalitarianism whether in its "proletarian" or its nationalist garb.

H. L. MENCKEN: The great critic spoke somewhere about mankind's "colossal capacity of believing the palpably not true." Outside of Russia there are educated men not confined in homes for the feeble-minded who believe the totalitarian slave labor state to be a "dictatorship of the proletariat."

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE: "Stubborn and ardent clinging to one's opinion," says the author of the **"Essays,"** "is the best proof of stupidity." Not necessarily. In politics it sometimes turns out to be a long-range investment.

GEORGE MOORE: "God is a great expense," the author of **"The Brook Kerith"** wrote somewhere, "but government would be impossible without Him." The totalitarians have proved that a good secret police, though possibly more expensive, is even more efficient in enforcing obedience.

* * *

In his **"Confessions of a Young Man"** George Moore frankly declares that he does not mind the sufferings of the slaves who built the pyramids as long as he can enjoy the sight of these monuments. Nor does the fellow-traveler or "sympathizer" four thousand miles away mind the ten or twenty million victims of Stalin's man-made famines and forced labor camps, as long as it can be demonstrated that the manager can rule a country without taking orders from the financial and industrial tycoons.

PAUL MORAND: Of his hero the author of **"Bouddha Vivant"** says that "he was versed both in chemistry and magic, in medicine and incantations." In Stalin's Russia they believe in democracy and dictatorship, in universal suffrage and the one-party system, in the emancipation of the slave-labor camps, in atheism and the divine Trinity of Marx, Lenin, and Stalin.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE: Outraged at that line in Homer in which the gods decide "to destroy men so that there may be a song for future generations," Nietzsche writes: "Thus we suffer and perish so that poets should not be short of subject matter—and this is decreed by Homer's gods, who seem to care very much about the amusements of the coming generations, but very little about us, who are alive now." The gods of our time, the dictators of all hues, seem to show the same interest in the future generations—whom they identify with their own power and glory—at the expense of their living subjects.

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN: In justifying the destruction of Poland's independence, Russia's greatest poet coined the phrase about "all Slavic rivers entering the Russian sea." A century after his death his Pan-Slavist dream was more than realized by erstwhile internationalist enemies of imperial expansion, who made not only all the Slavic, but also the Hungarian, the Rumanian, and the Chinese rivers enter the Russian Ocean.

ROMAIN ROLLAND: In his **"Jean Christophe"** Rolland speaks of the French liberal who, "torn between his acquired humanitarianism and his instinctive chauvinism . . . found at last a formula which settled everything: France became simply synonymous with humanity." Our modern revolutionist, torn between his

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professions of liberty and his lust for power, has likewise found a satisfactory formula: the dictatorship of his party becomes synonymous with the "emancipation of the working class."

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER: "The most beautiful dreams of liberty are dreamt in prison," wrote the author of **"Don Carlos"** a century and a half ago. As soon as they attain power the totalitarian champions of liberty see to it that their subjects have ample opportunity to dream those dreams.

* * *

"The shame decreases as the sin grows," wrote Schiller in his **"Fiesco."** There was great indignation among European and American intellectuals when hundreds of political dissenters were put to death by the Czarist regime. Executions ceased to call forth indignation as their number was increased a thousandfold by the Czar's revolutionary successors.

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER: Of Casanova's easy and bloodless conquests the Viennese playwright and novelist said somewhere that "he does not fell a tree in order to pick an apple." In our time the adventurer operating in the wider field of politics is not restrained by such scruples. To pick a good job for himself he will fell an entire nation. He calls it revolution.

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER: "The will forbids the intellect," says the great German pessimist, "[to bring forth] certain ideas; it prevents the rise of certain lines of thought . . . in order to prevent painful and shameful shocks." This may be the key to Karl Marx's reluctance to face the possibility of a new class rule by office-holders under a non-capitalist system, a possibility which was pointed out to him by his disappointed and disenchanted disciple and rival Bakunin. For an analysis of this kind would have given a "painful and shameful shock" to the self-righteousness with which Marx identified the seizure of power by his would-be office-holding followers with the "emancipation of the working class."

* * *

According to Schopenhauer, the poet is in most cases more interested in finding an idea that will fit a rhyme, than the other way around. The same holds of a man active in politics who will trim his "principles" to fit his ambitions rather than to permit them to stand in the way of his career.

BERNARD SHAW: GBS once said that those bohemians who think themselves above bourgeois morality are usually way below it. Similarly, the Soviet Russian and Nazi German examples have demonstrated that the "higher form of democracy" of the totalitarian radicals ranks even lower than Bourbon or Romanov despotism.

In Bernard Shaw's words he and Chesterton were enjoying themselves by standing on their heads and proving that black is white. Came the Stalinist dictatorship and the ultra-modern GBS scandalized his former admirers by doing for the Church of Moscow what his medievalist friend had been doing for the Church of Rome.

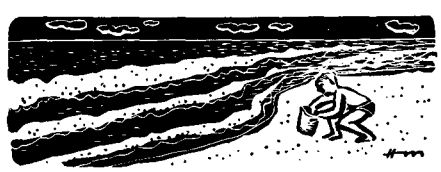
JOSEPH STALIN: "How about the story of your life?" is the girl's question in a modern play. "Oh, no," is the man's answer. "It is too long and mostly untrue." This writer did not laugh when he heard that one. It reminded him of Stalin's **"History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union."**

LINCOLN STEFFENS: "I saw the future and it works," said the famous muckraker and fellow-traveler after a visit to the Soviet Union. Well—so does the atom bomb.

STENDHAL: In **"The Red and the Black"** one of the noblemen declares that "the return of Robespierre was possible on account of those young people of the lower classes who are too well educated." Those "young people of the lower classes"—not always "too well educated"—are now the revolutionary masters of a large part of the globe. And, alas, they have inherited from Robespierre only his cruelty, but not his incorruptibility.

LAURENT TAILHADE: "Love passes," said the French radical poet, "but syphilis remains." Likewise, after victory revolutionary idealism passes, but power remains. And there is no remedy against it. For those fighting it become themselves infected by its virus.

PAUL VALÉRY: "All politicians," said the French poet and philosopher, "have read history; but one might say that they read it only in order to learn from it how to repeat the same calamities all over again." He was wrong. Most politicians have not read history. They play their parts by ear, so to speak, just as do statesmen and diplomats, whether or not they have read Machiavelli.



Writers

Continued from page 12

about which he himself was reticent. Patrick Byrne in **"The Wildes of Merrion Square"** (Staples Press, $2.50) has related their story, which has a more modest notoriety than his. In Dublin his genteel mother, before her marriage, had taken a brief fling as the writer of Irish revolutionary ballads, using the pen name of Speranza. After marrying the rising physician William Wilde, who was later knighted, she maintained a lively *salon* for the local intelligentsia. Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie, her second son, disappointed her hopes of a daughter; she consoled herself by dressing him as a girl until he was five years old. The effect on him need not be surmised. Of his education in an Irish Public School and his three years at Dublin's Trinity College not much is known; for not until he migrated to Oxford did he start his public career. Sir William Wilde was ruined through the persecution of a discarded mistress, but his patient wife stuck by him, as she later did by their son in London.

Mr. Byrne uses no documentation, and sometimes seems to employ the questionable devices of a fictional biographer. But in spite of these faults and of occasional clumsiness he is frequently witty and always interesting. His book helps fill in the full-length portrait; and it reminds us that like other writers of great English comedies—Congreve, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Shaw—Wilde grew up in Ireland.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

MEET HENRY JAMES: When Henry James recalled how as a boy he had walked through a picture gallery in Paris, he wrote that the palace of art and the house of life became for him mixed and interchangeable. Hence his view of life, as expressed in his novels, has the wrought complexity of art. For the reader who wishes an encouraging start on the shelf of his novels a simple guide is useful; and this Michael Swan has provided in **"Henry James"** (Roy Publishers, $2), an addition to the English Novelists Series.

A handbook of this sort should serve two functions: as stimulus to further reading and as a pointer to the main themes and intentions. Mr. Swan's lucid essay accomplishes these by discussing the life and work, various aspects, and the figures in the carpet (a phrase-title of James's to mean the underlying pattern of a writer's art). —R. H.

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Just Published

A number of the volumes described below, which we do not have space to review in this issue, will be given more extended notice in early issues.

ANYONE'S MY NAME. By Seymour Shubin. New York: Simon & Schuster. $4. A first novel about a writer of fact detective stories who, because of the pressures of his life, suddenly finds himself on the outs with John Law.

COME, MY BELOVED. By Pearl Buck. New York: John Day Co. $3.75. Miss Buck's umpteenth novel tells of four generations of a family, each of which fails in what it sets out to do. The scene opens in New York, moves to Bombay, and thence to the Indian village of Vhai.

THE GAME OF DEATH: Effects of the Cold War on Our Children. By Albert E. Kahn. New York: Cameron & Kahn. $3. A documented appraisal of the harmful effects—through bomb drills, comic books, TV, movies, etc.—which the author believes the Cold War is having on the children of the nation.

GASOLINE GYPSY. By Peggy Iris Thomas. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3. The author, who was zooming around the New York streets on her motorcycle with a big airedale riding behind not long ago, tells here of how she cycled to Manhattan from Vancouver (via Mexico) on the strength of pick-up jobs along the way, handouts, and a determination worthy of Magellan.

JULES LAFORGUE AND THE IRONIC INHERITANCE. By Warren Ramsey. New York: Oxford University Press. $5. The first study in English of the Symbolist poet, who died at the age of twenty-seven in 1887, and whose work has since rung quiet bells in the younger, derivative poetry of T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, and Hart Crane.

THE LETTERS OF FRANZ LISZT TO MARIE ZU SAYN-WITTGENSTEIN. Translated and edited by Howard E. Hugo. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. $6.50. Professor Hugo of Harvard has here brought together 215 of the letters which the great French pianist-composer wrote from 1848 to his death in 1886 to Marie Sayn-Wittgenstein, who was eleven years old at the start of the correspondence.

MORE DENNIS THE MENACE. By Hank Ketcham. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1. Sixty-two more cartoons about the caperings of Mr. Ketcham's boy Dennis, aged five.

THE NEW INVASION. By Winefride Nolan. New York: St. Martin's Press, $3.50. An Irish "The Egg and I" set down by a wife who moved with her family from an English town to rural Ireland, where they ran head-on into the mysteries of the bucolic life.

PROUD CITADEL. By Dorothy Evelyn Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. A novel about an orphaned girl, her protector (thought to be a witch), her lover (old family, no funds), and miscellaneous others, all of whom live in a small coastal town on the dark and windhowled Yorkshire moors.

WE CHOSE CAPE COD. By Scott Corbett. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.50. A summerweight report of the first year the author and his family spent in Quivet Neck on Cape Cod, including such memorabilia as how to clam, cranberry, and fish; the Ladies' Aid Society; the summer, when the rest of the United States moves in; and the winter, when the lonesome snows are as thick and real as any in the Rockies.

THE WORLD BENEATH THE SEA. By Otis Barton. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.50. Dr. Barton, who is a combination botanist, oceanographer, inventor (he designed the bathysphere and the benthoscope), and movie-maker, writes here of the travels that have taken him from Bermuda to Australia to French Equatorial Africa in search of his various loves.

THE WORLD'S GREAT FOLKTALES. Edited By James R. Foster. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.95. A comprehensive collection of the world's dreams, or, rather, folktales, myths, and magics, taken from the collective subconsciousnesses of Europe, Asia, and America. —W. B.

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B. To a marked degree.	21 122 114 1 56 130
C. Describing sounds articulated with tip of tongue touching upper front gums.	103 50 11 9 141 123 133 167
D. In bridge, an ace or other card sure to take a trick, along in the game (comp.).	23 105 72 144 28 44 140
E. Satirical opera by Rimsky-Korsakov, flaying the foibles of royalty (4 wds.; Fr.).	18 69 87 98 77 96 41 109
F. Without strength of body or character.	17 147 100 29 48 152 61 47
G. Pleasing to the eye.	60 26 16 136 97 116 173
H. The interior part; the middle.	66 14 154 171 80
I. Highly intoxicating liquor flavored with anise, etc.	101 129 40 65 104 7 90 117
J. University at Bethlehem, Pa.	68 74 46 112 53 83
K. Circuit; scope.	58 73 25 156 165
L. Wally Cox's alter ego (2 wds.).	19 2 32 70 84 162 142 54 76 67 94 119 89

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. The head person (in common French phrases).	85 121 143 149
N. Readily available; carried in the inventory (2 wds.).	24 113 4 95 153 148
O. To separate and open; disentangle.	78 163 38 120 5 92 45
P. Mark in log. tables, indicating change in a decimal.	15 57 88 132 146
Q. In bridge, a play of the intermediate card from three trumps (comp.).	20 8 134 43 159 31 115 71 108
R. Strengthen by renewing supplies.	102 137 55 128 161 82 107
S. Seaport of Medina, on the Red Sea.	166 22 36 172 79
T. Freed from anything that pains.	81 118 145 39 169
U. Specifying one group of ancient Teutons who overran Rome; a barbarian.	42 110 131 30 3 85 135 158
V. Made of baked clay.	63 52 151 59 93 170 13
W. Promontory.	27 12 64 35
X. One of the Upanishads, so-called from its first word.	49 138 33 150
Y. Japanese brocade.	6 164 125 75 168 139 91
Z. Restricted residential district now outdated (chiefly abroad).	157 99 124 126 160 37

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there it a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	■	■	1 B	2 L	3 U	4 N	■	5 O	6 Y	■	7 I	8 Q	9 C	■	10 A	11 C
12 W	13 V	14 H	15 P	16 G	■	17 F	18 E	19 L	■	20 Q	21 B	22 S	■	23 D	24 N	25 K
26 G	27 W	■	28 D	29 F	30 U	31 Q	32 L	■	33 X	34 A	35 W	■	36 S	37 Z	38 O	39 T
40 I	■	41 E	42 U	43 Q	44 D	■	45 O	46 J	47 F	■	48 F	49 X	50 C	51 A	52 V	53 J
54 L	■	55 R	56 B	57 P	58 K	59 V	60 G	■	61 F	62 A	63 V	■	64 W	65 I	66 H	67 L
68 J	69 E	■	70 L	71 Q	72 D	73 K	74 J	■	75 Y	76 L	■	77 E	78 O	79 S	80 H	81 T
82 R	■	83 J	84 L	■	85 M	86 U	87 E	88 P	89 L	■	90 I	91 Y	92 O	■	93 V	94 L
95 N	96 E	■	97 G	98 E	■	99 Z	100 F	101 I	102 R	■	103 C	104 I	■	105 D	106 A	107 R
108 Q	■	109 E	110 U	111 A	112 J	113 N	114 B	■	115 Q	116 G	117 I	118 T	119 L	■	120 O	121 M
122 B	123 C	124 Z	■	125 Y	126 Z	127 A	128 R	■	129 I	130 B	■	131 U	132 P	133 C	134 Q	■
135 U	136 G	137 R	■	138 X	139 Y	140 D	■	141 C	142 L	143 M	144 D	145 T	■	146 P	147 F	148 N
■	149 M	150 X	151 V	■	152 F	153 N	154 H	■	155 A	156 K	157 Z	158 U	■	159 Q	160 Z	161 R
162 L	163 O	164 Y	165 K	166 S	■	167 C	168 Y	169 T	170 V	171 H	■	172 S	173 G	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 35 of this issue.

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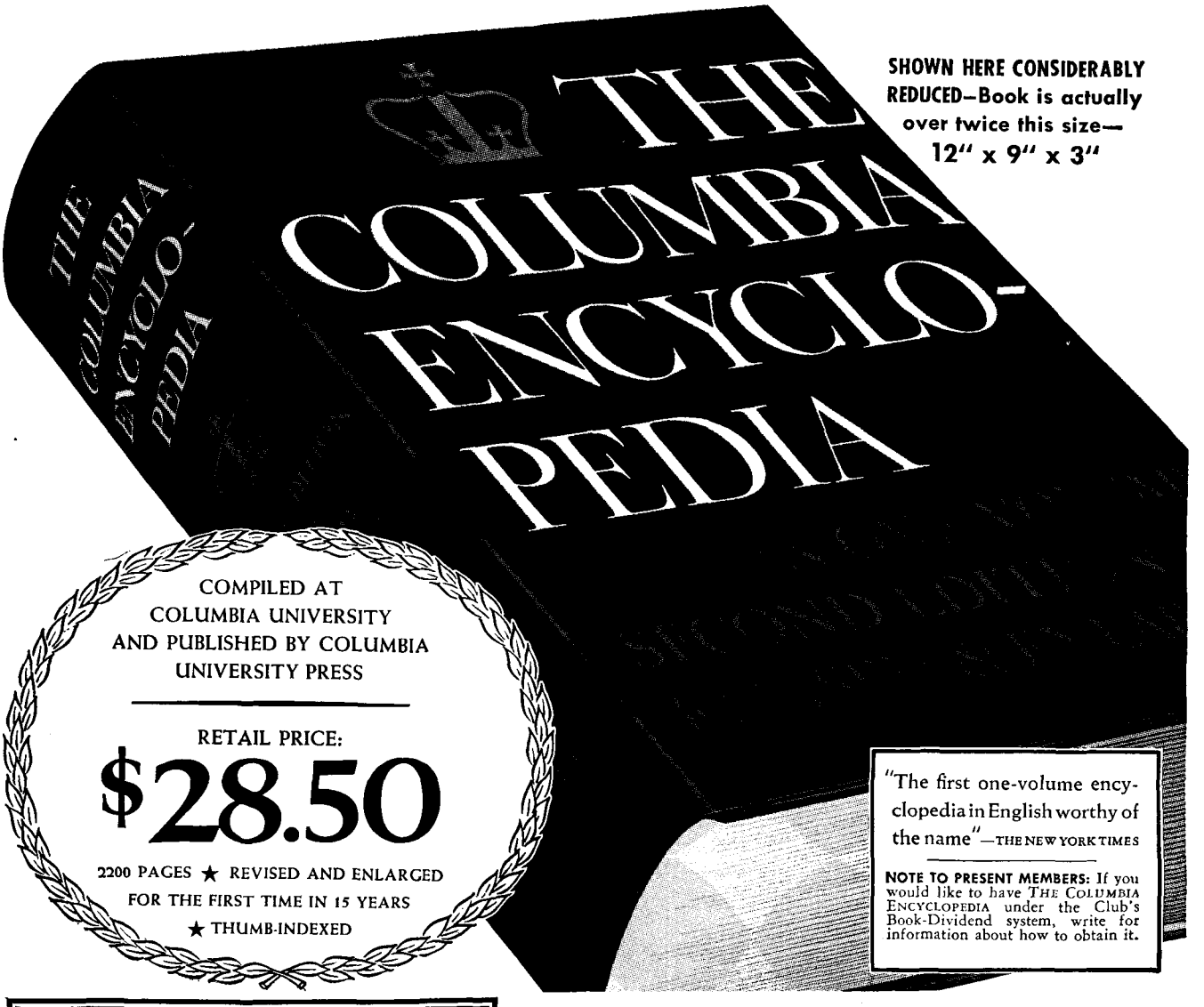

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